

CARIBOO AND

Northwest DIGEST



QUESNEL - CARIBOO
BOOM TOWN

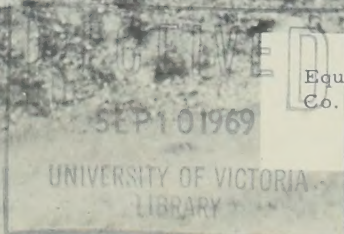
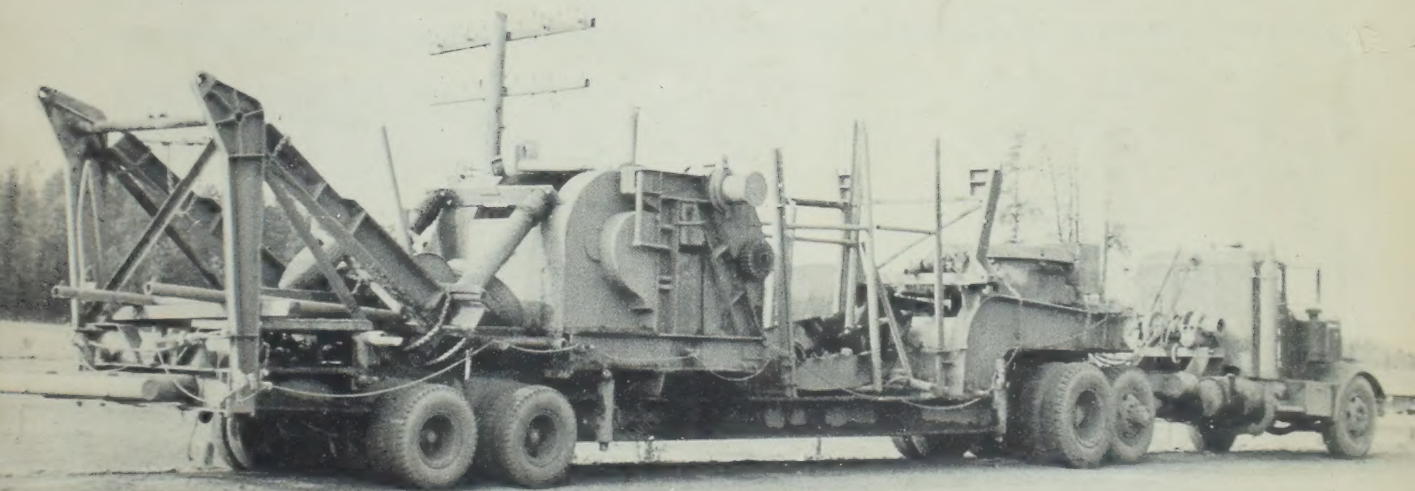
by A. G. Downs

THE LONESOME TRAIL

by F. W. Lindsay



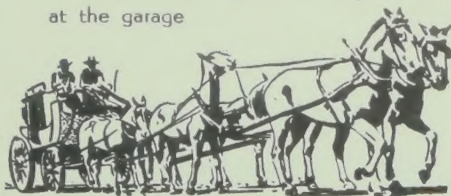
NOVEMBER, 1950 VOLUME 6
NUMBER 11 25c



Equipment of the Kersley Oil & Gas
Co. Ltd. arrives "on location".

A "Digest" Photo

The Fort Hope Garage is located on the site of the original Hudson Bay Co. Trading Post - built in the early - 60s. The lock and key from the original building are on display at the garage



Original H.B.C. Trading Post



FORT HOPE GARAGE Ltd.



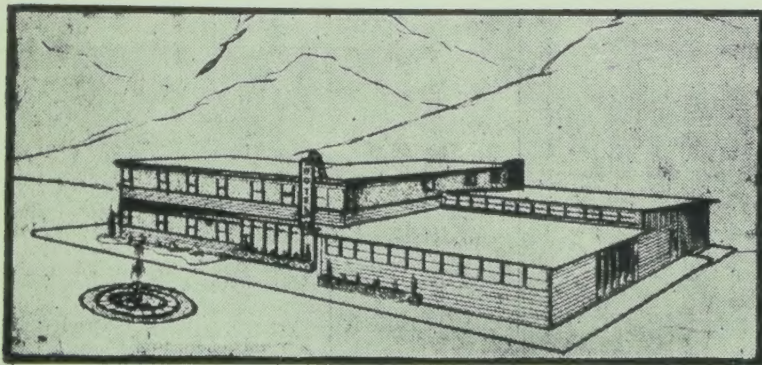
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Artist's drawing of new hotel replacing the one destroyed by fire in 1949

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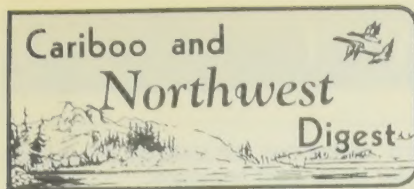
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BOSTON BAR

BRITISH COLUMBIA



BOSTON BAR, B.C. - Aero Surveys Photo
In The Heart of The Fraser Canyon on The Original Route To The Cariboo Gold Fields



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A. Sahonovitch
Assistant Editor H. Sahonovitch
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



CRITICISM.

I have just read "Death of a Printing Press" by Constance M. Cox in the February issue of the Digest.

While it was gratifying to know that this famous missionary priest had received your attention I should like to bring to your attention an omission and some errors.

Although there is no mention of it in your article Father Adrien Morice was a member of the widely known missionary society of the Catholic Church known as the Oblate Fathers.

According to Father Morice's own statement he spent not "sixty years in northern British Columbia" but twenty-two years, from 1885 until 1907.

The story about the printing press is so fantastic as to lead one to think that the author imagined the whole episode. The statement that the printing press was destroyed is true, but but it was not destroyed after a "bishop had been sent from Rome to investigate the matter." The authorities of the Church did not sanction the destruction of the press nor approve it when it had been destroyed.

Next, your author states that Father Morice was sent to the Red River for seventeen years as penance. We know from Father Morice's book "Fifty Years in Western Canada" that he was so exhausted by his missionary labors that, on the orders of a doctor at New Westminster, he was "condemned" to take a long and complete rest. This rest-cure was begun at Kamloops and then, in order that he might be able to continue his historical writings, he went to live at St. Boniface and later at Winnipeg, where he died not "eight years ago," but on April 21st, 1938.

Finally, let me say that on Father Morice's own authority it can be stated that the Carrier language he wrote is not an easy one: "I could learn any of the other Indian languages in six weeks but it took me longer than that to master Carrier."

These corrections, Mr. Editor, are sent in the interest of historical accuracy as Father Morice's name is forever-more bound up with the history of this province; it is hoped that you will find an early opportunity of publishing this letter in the Digest.

Anthony Jordan, O. M. I.,
Vicar Apostolic of Prince Rupert.

All corrections are appreciated. . . there remains the question of why the printing press was destroyed. —ED.

THAT NORTHWESTERN BUG.

Many thanks for your generosity in mailing me a copy of the 'Travel Guide' and your extra-generous gesture in enclosing an August copy of 'Cariboo Digest,' I have never seen a copy of this Digest before and you sure have something there. . . . My son is Cariboo Crazy, and if I read anymore of your Digest I'm liable to get the bug myself. My son figures on being able to buy 100 acres of bush including a cabin and an acre or two cleared for \$1,000 somewhere between 100 Mile House and Quesnel and accessible by road, in order to hunt, fish, trap and prospect; would it be wise for him to advertise. . . for such a lot for so little?

R. L. Swales.

Vancouver, B.C.

Do our readers know of such a spot?
—ED.

BOUQUETS.

Last week I was looking at the magazines in the local drugstore and bought a copy of Cariboo & Northwest Digest and would like to say it is the best outdoor magazine I have ever read and have made arrangements to have a copy reserved for me.

Here's looking forward eagerly to the next issue.
Thos. D. Woods.
Vancouver, B.C.

continued on page 3

The Cover



This month's cover shows one of the largest loads ever to be hauled over the Cariboo Highway - 42 tons of drill equipment moving on a 26 wheel diesel truck and trailer unit. It is part of the 180 ton portable rig brought in by Kersley Oil & Gas Co. Ltd. to probe the depths for "black gold" 15 miles south of Quesnel, B.C. Capable of drilling 9,000 ft., it will be in operation by the time this goes to press.

DO WE WANT A "BURDEN-BEARER"?

By A. SAHONOVITCH

It is possible for a town in British Columbia to SELL, acknowledgedly polluted water, wholesale, to households, stores, schools, hospitals, etc. for months on end and by the millions of gallons - without being forced to purify said water through proper filtration or render it "safe" through chlorination.

It is also possible for the pollution to become such a menace to the health of the inhabitants that school drinking water supplies are shut off, housewives are warned to boil or chlorinate all drinking water, and immunization against waterborn disease is advised by Health Authorities - and STILL, municipal authorities are allowed to continue selling such water, while waiting for "nature" to purify it.

And it is possible for the Municipal Council of a town to flatly tell residents who have the temerity to complain about the silt-laden water and high bacterial contamination (resulting from an imperfectly constructed well and filter-bed), that if they don't like it they can always have the water to their particular establishment "turned off."

That such a situation can exist in a town in British Columbia is not only 'possible' - it actually DID EXIST - in an interior town of some 4,000 inhabitants. It existed despite Section 39 of the Provincial Health Regulations which reads: "Whenever it can be shown that danger exists or may arise to the health of the inhabitants from the insufficiency or unwholesomeness of the existing water supply, it shall be the duty of the local health authorities (Municipal Council) to provide the district over which it has jurisdiction with a supply of wholesome water, if same can be got at reasonable cost...."

It existed because the Provincial Health Inspector's recommendation that a chlorination plant be installed without delay was shelved by the Municipal Council because the town did not have the necessary \$3,000. at that

time, and because the Municipal Council chose to procrastinate rather than accept its responsibility in the matter. And it existed because - despite a summer long ordeal of water-boiling, intermittent flows of silt-laden water, an epidemic of "stomach flu" which one doctor ascribed to "bad water" - the townspeople themselves were so passive and indifferent to their own responsibility in the matter that they permitted the Council to evade doing its duty as outlined in Section 39 of the Regulations. The \$3,000, or 75¢ PER PERSON of population, was certainly a 'reasonable' cost. It could have been borrowed from the nearest bank, or from the Provincial Government, or raised by popular subscription.

The situation reached the height of absurdity when, with the town water showing a 5/5 bacteria count, the Provincial Health Inspector still had to insist that public eating places sterilize the glasses in which such highly polluted water was served - an absurdity which no doubt could be duplicated with minor differences in many towns in B. C.

It was possible for the town to peddle polluted water because Democracy is a form of government which believes in a maximum amount of freedom for its peoples, and exercises both leniency and patience; a form of government wherein the highest elected authority ALLOWS and EXPECTS, but isn't always rewarded with, a reasonable amount of INTELLIGENT self-government in municipalities.

The Municipal Council of the town in question could have been "forced" to immediately remedy the situation under Section 22, sub-section 2 of the "Health Act," which reads: "If in the opinion of the Minister (of Health and Welfare) the quality of the water of any existing waterworks is of such a character as to be a menace to the public health, such changes or additions shall be made..... as the Minister directs...." The alternative to being 'forced' is not procrastination, but immediate voluntary action by a Coun-

cil reflecting the wishes of an alert and intelligent populace.

In 1936, during the time when Hitler rose to power and Austria renounced democratic rule, an Austrian recorded the following: "We have had to abandon parliamentary government because instead of trying to make it work, we stupidly used every democratic device to sabotage it. It proved too great an intellectual concept for us, as it did the Germans. We have reverted to the most primitive form of government. That government is by mandate. We have loaded all our responsibilities on the shoulders of one man. We call him Dictator. It would be more accurate to call him Burden-bearer. A democracy is that form of government most open to seizure (sabotage) by those who have no use for liberty except as a licence."

The privilege (under democratic rule) of self-government in municipalities (in health and other matters) will remain only so long as that self-government is intelligent, and does not use its freedom as a licence to endanger the health of others, or otherwise abuse that freedom.

Our Public Health Laws and Regulations are sensible and reasonable; based on years of medical research and enacted for the benefit of the majority. Let us adhere to them willingly, with intelligence, and without any attempt at evasion, else they may someday be enforced with a club wielded from above by a "Burden-bearer" and it may someday be said of Canadians that Democratic government "proved too high an intellectual concept for them."

To All Our Readers

The recent nation-wide railway strike in Canada had many far-reaching effects. One such was that our September issue was not ready for mailing until almost the end of September, and production was thereby thrown out of gear. Thus we were forced to combine the Sept. and Oct. issues into one volume. We trust that our readers will understand. In the future, barring flood, disaster, or another rail strike, the "Digest" will appear on schedule.

The Editors

WITH THE AUTHORS

STILL ON THE FIRST MILLION

Mr. Lindsay's story 'Remember' which appears on pages 8, has been heard over the C. B. C. twice... we think it is worth a third telling... this time in print.

When asked to give an account of himself, he sent in the following:

"Left school at an early age, a fact which delighted the various teachers but did little to add to my academic knowledge. Decided shortly thereafter that I had no special calling nor did I feel any urge to improve upon what was to my mind a perfect world. Spent several years being what is commonly known as a tramp. Investigated the possibilities of becoming a millionaire, a wholesale boot and shoe dealer, a milkman, a vacuum cleaner salesman and a sailor in somewhat this order. Reverted to the logging camps but after several days decided that I would never become a Tyee logger, the jump from whistle-punk to 'Push' being too vast. Decided I would become a millionaire gold-miner but a lack of gold plus certain elements of hard work discouraged this idea. Decided to become a deep-sea skipper and started on the old Aorangi as an officer's mess boy. Four days and ninety-nine million waves later the officer's boy was a mess, had made a mess, knew what a mess was but was incapable of doing anything about it. Tried writing because I heard there was money in it and that a man could sit down to do it. The latter part of this rumour was and still is true. Took a multitude of correspondence courses in writing. Discovered it was hard work and felt vaguely dissatisfied.



A slick salesman sold me a typewriter. Joined a society of Spiritualists because I was told they got stories from the ether complete in

every detail. This I found out was a trifle exaggerated, quit this modus operandi and got a job on a newspaper. This consisted of running to women's meetings, Historical Society meetings, municipal meetings and Horticultural Society meetings. One night a murder was consummated in a certain area and I received my first major assignment... took the wrong bus... awoke the next day as an ex-newspaper man.

Hobby I like best, watching cows ruminate and trying to decide what makes them so happy. Next best sitting down beside a stream preparatory to investigating its possibilities as a fish heaven.

Things I dislike most... Bosomy women in hunting pants who smoke in the bush... next most, their husbands who allow these female nimrods to get away with it.

Things I like best. Lying in bed dreaming of the first million I have yet to make.

Favorite people: My wife.

Favorite animal: My dog.

Chief ambition... Refer to the first of this paragraph."

LEFT ONLY THREE TIMES....



Young Mr. Downs is again to take to the high seas. An inherited itchy foot will board a Merchant Navy ship in the near future--destination Korea.he says that he was, "Born in London, England. Five years later the Old Man, an ex-submariner from the R. N., got itchy feet and moved to Canada. During the next ten years I learned to herd cows, milk cows feed and water cows, and in general dislike cows. Between bouts with cows I went to school and played on the ball team. In inter-school competitions we built a record that soon attracted considerable attention. Needless to say we never let our fans down. When I left we still had to win our first game.

Then World War two started and the Old Man joined the Navy again. We moved from the Prairies to the Coast and after trying everything from gardener's assistant to plumber's ap-

prentice I accepted a position on a sooty, weary-boned tramp freighter. This was fine for six years, but once when I returned from a voyage to the exotic smelly East I found that the Old Man had moved again, this time to a wilderness village called Quesnel. This proved an even better place to loaf than the high seas. In fact I like the area so well that in the last two years I have left only three times.

I like sleeping until late in the morning and crisp green stuff called money. On the other hand I instantly dislike editors who return my masterpieces and frustrated readers who write letters pointing out author's mistakes."

LETTERS,

(continued from page 1)

We take the Digest all the time and find it covers so much of this country that we would not miss getting them.

J. N. Avender.

100 Mile House, B. C.

INTRIGUING.

From way back East I want to tell you that you have a great little mag. I like the new form immensely I'm especially pleased to see William D. Morris is back again. Give us more of his stories please. He has a very special way of writing that intrigues me. How about a picture of him too?

I have learned a lot of the West from your magazine and hope some day to visit or perhaps live there.

Mrs. Mary P. Steeves.

Juniper, N. B.



Herewith a picture of the intriguing and handsome Mr. Morris. —ED.

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THERE'S DANGER *in* DAMASCUS

You risk life and limb using modern shot shells
in guns which have old Damascus steel barrels.

by J. W. Houlden



LOOK AT THE NEXT Damascus steel shotgun you see hanging over a fireplace or in a collection of old guns. Admire the beauty of its lace-like patterns cut on the shiny, steel barrel, but don't try to shoot it. It might be fatal.

The attractive appearance of the Damascus shotgun is too often the cause of misplaced confidence, although it was once a useful and popular hunting weapon. Damascus metal first came to us from the early sword makers of Damascus in Eastern Europe. Growing in popularity, it was almost universally adopted for shotgun barrel metal throughout continental Europe in the latter part of the 19th century.

If the above statements were purely historical there would be no cause for

concern. Unfortunately, a considerable number of these old shotguns have survived the march of time and are being used today by our present generation of sportsmen. If shot shells were still made of the same old black powder, soft shot and corrosive primer of fifty years ago, we would have no problem. But they, like almost everything else, have improved, and therein lies the crux of the problem. In short the modern shell is too powerful for these old shotgun barrels.

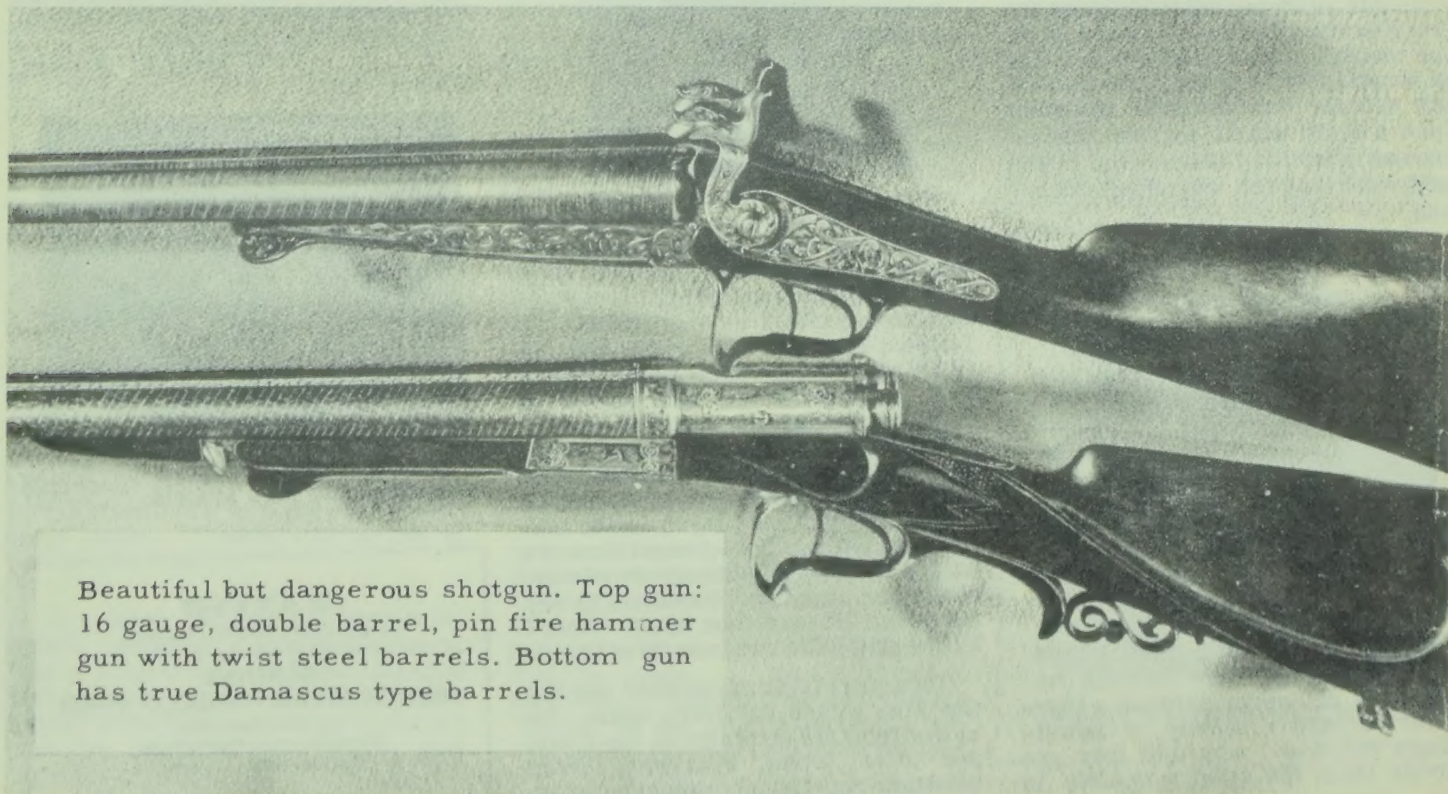
Sportsmen frequently ask the reason why. To explain, a series of photographs are shown on these pages which, as far as can be ascertained are the last authentic photographs of the various stages of construction of a Damascus steel shotgun barrel. These photographs were obtained through the

courtesy of Sir Gerald Burrard, one of Great Britain's most noted authorities on shotguns and shot shells.

The first gun barrels were rough, crude affairs made of cast iron or brass. Then came a built-up barrel forged from small strips or plates of iron welded into short cylinders. The cylinders were in turn welded into a barrel of the required length.

Barrels made by twisting and welding long strips of metal around a mandrel or rod to form a tube gradually replaced the older type. The wrapping gave a "twist" appearance to the metal. Some of the barrel tubes were twisted even further after the welding was completed. Such twisting was thought to impart added strength to the metal.

The metal-working industry firmly



Beautiful but dangerous shotgun. Top gun: 16 gauge, double barrel, pin fire hammer gun with twist steel barrels. Bottom gun has true Damascus type barrels.

adopted the twisting theory and began to evolve the type of barrel which is known as a Damascus steel barrel. This barrel was made by taking alternate strips of iron and steel. Each strip was twisted from end to end (fig. 1) then heated and forged into a solid bar (fig. 2) consisting of two iron and one steel strips. By varying the number of strips and the amount of twist the design in the finished barrel could be varied to suit the gunsmith's artistic ideas.

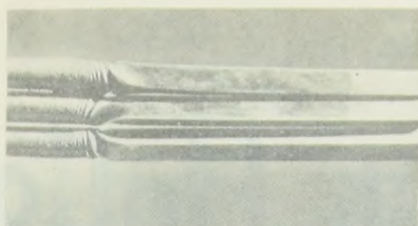
The twisted and forged bar was next coiled and welded around a mandrel or rod corresponding to the diameter of the gun bore (fig. 3). This resulted in a tube (fig. 4) or two tubes for a double barrel. The gunsmith then welded additional metal onto the breech for lugs and locks. A finished pair of barrels can be seen in figure 5. Trade marks such as the two bright spots of white metal seen on the flat portion in Fig. 5—the mark of a well known English gunsmith—were often put in. Lastly, before being assembled the barrel was smoothed down and finished to remove all hammer marks and irregularities from the welding.

The Damascus barrel has several weak points. The metal itself consists of a mixture of part steel and part iron which has been hand-welded together. In the twisting and forging, a considerable amount of scale and slag is incorporated into the body of the metal. These impurities weaken the iron, often to the point of danger.

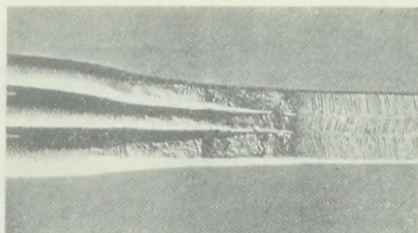
To investigate the metal more minutely, sections of a Damascus barrel have been cut out, polished, etched and placed under a microscope, magnified 50 times and photographed. Figure 6 is an enlarged view of a section of barrel metal. The inclusions of slag and scale can be seen clearly as a series of black dots in sloping rows across the face of the metal. In a Damascus barrel of poorer quality, the imperfections are larger and more scattered. Cheap barrels were often made from scraps of metal such as old horseshoes and nails.

To add to this dangerous condition of imperfections in the body of the metal, another serious defect is caused by uneven welding or over-heating of the metal during welding. Over-heating makes the iron coarse grained and soft, changing the characteristics of the steel to weaken its original strength.

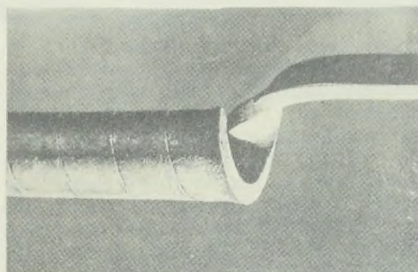
One fallacy about these guns, has, unfortunately, been accepted for many years. Damascus barrels were said to be more elastic, with more "give" when exposed to a pressure that would burst steel. But the exact opposite is the truth. The Damascus barrel due to its soft metal and low elastic limit would bulge under even a moderate strain. Steel, on the other hand, has a very high elastic limit. If two bar-



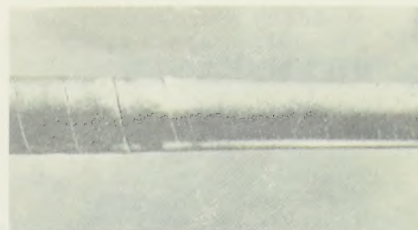
1 Damascus steel barrels were made with alternate strips of iron and steel. Each strip, above, was twisted first from end to end.



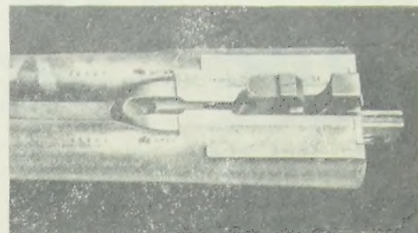
2 Twisted strips were heated and forged into solid bar of one steel and two iron strips. Design was varied by changing twist, strips.



3 The twisted and forged bar was next coiled and welded around a rod or mandrel corresponding to the diameter of the gun bore.



4 When coiling and welding were completed, above, one finished tube—two for a double barrelled gun—resulted. Note pattern.



5 The gunsmith next welded additional metal onto breech for lugs and locks. White spots in barrels here are maker's trade mark.



6 Black dots in photograph of Damascus metal enlarged 50 times show damaging scale and slag incorporated in the making.

rels, one of Damascus steel and one of plain steel, were subjected to gradually increasing but identical pressures, the Damascus barrel would bulge first and remain buckled. A steel barrel would stand considerably more pressure without signs of permanent bulging or rupture.

Beauty is no yardstick to safety in shotguns, for to add to the inherent weaknesses of Damascus barrels two other "additions" were made to the hunter's kit at the turn of this century which helped spell doom to this type of gun. First, came the invention of smokeless powder. Up to this time, ordinary black powder was the only type used. It gave breech pressures around 6000 pounds per square inch in shot shells. It is estimated that the tensile strength of the iron in these old barrels would run from 42,000 to 48,000 pounds per square inch. To ease the situation the peak rise in pressure when a black powder shell was fired occurred near the breech where the metal was thickest. As the shot progressed along the barrel the pressure dropped rapidly and the barrels could be very thin near the muzzle and still be safe.

Today, we have smokeless powder with minimum pressures around 9,000 pounds per square inch and the maximum going as high as 12,500 pounds in heavy 12 gauge duck loads. Gun metal must be at least twice as strong for today's smokeless loads. Modern powders are also progressive burning and there is still considerable pressure inside the barrel at 12 to 15 inches from the breech. At this point the old Damascus barrels are paper-thin and here they usually burst open. To make the situation worse, most of these old guns have 2-1/2 inch or 2-5/8 inch chambers, whereas most modern shot shells are 2-3/4 inches long. This adds dangerous extra pressure on an already aggravated situation, as the number of accidents testify.

Time and rust have also played their part. A large percentage of the existing antique guns are badly pitted. Some even have pin-holes through the barrel, but are still being used.

Damascus steel barrels signed their own death knell as a product when gunsmiths discovered the excellent shooting qualities created by chock-boring the muzzle of the barrel.

continued on page 43

CONCLUSION of:

The Devil's Hollow

A SERIAL IN THREE PARTS

by C. G. Steffens



Out for a month's holiday roaming the hills, Steffens and his friend William notice a reluctance on the part of their Indian guide, Moses, to continue further in the direction in which they are heading. When they insist he carries on, but for only a short distance - before running off with the two horses - leaving them with their packs and equipment.

A survey of the valley which the guide, refused to enter shows certain landmarks indicating that it is none other than the legendary Devil's Hollow - which many had entered - but from which few had returned -- They make camp ---

Far into the night they sit around their campfire debating on the facts which bore out the legend and on their predicament since Moses had run off with the horses. In the morning they decide to explore the valley, on foot. Making their way down the valley they pass through a strangely silent and eerie forest of huge trees. Emerging, they find ancient placer diggings alongside a stream - and after considerable searching, an old cabin. As dusk descends they head back to camp. Despite a strange foreboding and a sense of eminent physical danger which makes the hair stand up on the backs of their necks when passing through the forest, they decide to return on the morrow and ferret out the mystery behind the legend of the Devil's Hollow. It snows.....

This was just the lift we needed, so to hell with the spooks and devils. We were going to have the grandest day's hunting of our lives-- perfect tracking snow, and we in the best sheep and goat country of the North West.

Once again we made up lunches, checked our rifles and put that little extra edge on our belt knives. Without waiting for complete sun-up, we hiked down to the southern extremity of the valley and crossed over to the east side, just above where the creek passed through the cleft in the high rock wall. The valley was not quite so wide here, but badly strewn with broken rock, huge boulders and low scrubby spruce. But at least it was open enough to give us plenty of light for dodging the numerous obstacles in our path. By the time we had made the crossing and were up on the crest of the east ridge of the valley, the sun had broken over the major range to the south east.

All traces of the previous evening's storm had cleared, leaving a crisp dome of deep blue overhead, on which the sun appeared like a great painted disc of light. As far as the eye could reach in all directions was one great canvas painted in all the perfection of the master hand of Nature, displayed under a sun, that like some mighty artificial light added neither warmth nor animation. For scenery, atmosphere and game, it was a million dollar turnout, and like the flower that is 'born to blush unseen' would be wasted but for the two lone hunters who stood in silent appreciation of the great panorama of one of nature's unspoiled perfections.

"Like something right out of this world," remarked William.

"Yes," I replied, "It's enough to make one feel he was committing a sacrilege to fire a shot or disturb the animals on a day like this."

However, the old hunting instinct in

man is evidently too deeply ingrained to yield to sentiment. For, when a few minutes later, we spotted a flock of sheep on a hillside about two miles away, through the glasses, an upward surge of excitement sent us on the wide circuit to take them from above, with all the tenseness of a band of cave men on the track of a mammoth.

It took us nearly three hours to reach a shoulder of rock, from where we figured we would be above the sheep and at a place where we could get another look at them. Then with field glasses and rifles handy, we cautiously peered over. There was not a single animal in sight, but we could see their tracks, which led north at about the same distance up the hillside as where we first saw them. At any rate we had them below us, so all we had to do was keep out of sight on a parallel course at the altitude we were on at the moment. After about twenty minutes of flat walking, we took another peek over the edge, and this time there was our 'set up.'

There was a dozen sheep in the flock a sort of family group made up of ewes with lambs, some dry ewes and yearlings, and I do believe, the great grand daddy ram of the entire coast range. Though undoubtedly a real old timer, he appeared in high physical prime, and carried a pair of perfectly curled horns that couldn't have measured a fraction less than twenty four inches. The wind had been in our favour, so our quarry standing about two hundred yards below us were absolutely unaware of any danger. So taking turns with the glasses, we looked them over at our leisure.

"Heavens, what a head!" whispered William as he silently brought his

long-range 30-40 into firing position. "We must not take a chance on missing, so let's both take a shot at him."

"I don't know," I replied, "You can nail the big fellow, but we can do with some mutton, so what's wrong with me taking one of those yearling ewes?"

"O. K.," said William, "Are you ready?" And with that he let drive.

I pulled trigger, at the same instant, and over the sights, had the satisfaction of seeing my yearling take a sudden plunge downward.

There was no time for second shots. Before the echo of our first two had died away, those sheep had vanished like phantoms.

Hastily scrambling down to where the flock had been, we saw my yearling on its side, but still kicking, away down in a ravine at the bottom of the slope. The ram had disappeared, but a handful of hair and a spattering of crimson on the snow, indicated he had been hard hit. We followed the blood trail for a short distance to get an idea of his condition, and which way he was headed. After a few wild jumps, the ram had struck north at a trot which indicated he would not last long. So William and I held a conference.

We decided that I should go down and butcher the yearling and by dragging and packing, try to get it into camp. While William stayed on the trail of the ram, for even if it took most of the day to catch up with him, he would only take the horns in, so would not be long in getting home. With that decided, I stumbled and slid down the hill, to bleed and dress our camp mutton, while William struck out on the blood trail, and in a few moments was lost to sight around a contour of the mountain side.

On looking back on that morning's happenings in the years following, I've often found myself wondering on the strange and round-about course Providence takes in bringing about certain events destined for certain people. In its application to this case: Just consider William and myself, going on living our lives as ordinary beings among civilized people, enjoying all the comfort and security of modern times, in well ordered cities two thousand miles apart. Then taking the notion to get together for this hunting trip, which led up to us being on that snow-covered mountain on that particular day and year. While about ten or twelve years previously, somewhere in this region a ram lamb was born.

Had it been an ordinary one of its kind, its chances of reaching maturity before being picked up by one of the great golden eagles as an infant, or providing a tasty snack for a wolf, before he was a year old, or having his neck broken, by some other ram as an adult, were about a dozen to one. But when Providence has a plan

in mind, those things just don't happen. This lamb was just a little more robust, his mother was able to cache him in places where he was just a little less conspicuous to the sharp ever-searching eye of that old mother eagle, who probably got his twin. Then as his single status doubled his milk ration, his growth was more rapid. Probably also, his pituitary gland was over-active, giving him earlier maturity and greater size, to later become master of the flock. To develop those massive horns with the perfect curl, and those added inches, that only to be seen once, would arouse a hunter to such fever pitch, he'd follow him from the highest peaks to the sea. And then on that fated day to stand in perfect sight at a mere two hundred yards from the principal of this drama. And that swift 30-40 bullet that should have pierced the heart, must land just enough in error to postpone death until that animal had led William to the place where the final curtain was to go up on one of Nature's so long-guarded secrets.

But blissfully unaware of all this, I was having my own troubles that morning. The yearling I'd knocked over

was round and fat, and felt like she weighed a ton, before I had it out of the ravine it had slipped into. Nor was it the only hole it managed to roll in before I'd worked it down to the valley floor. There I dissected it, carrying one half with the hide still on it, up to the camp, returning later with my pack-sack for the balance.

By that time it was nearly four o'clock, and still no sign of William, nor did I hear a single shot that might indicate he'd caught up with the wounded ram. But I wasn't worried, for there was still hours of daylight, and I wanted time to prepare one of those rare mountain treats--a couple of fresh bannocks, and all the prime mutton chops a hungry hunter could stuff into himself. So I set to work getting a good big fire going, that in half an hour would be a glowing bed of coals for broiling. I was busy at this when from away to the north, I heard three faint reports in rapid succession.

"That," I said to myself, "means William has only just now, caught up with his prize trophy, so it will be after dark before he gets in."

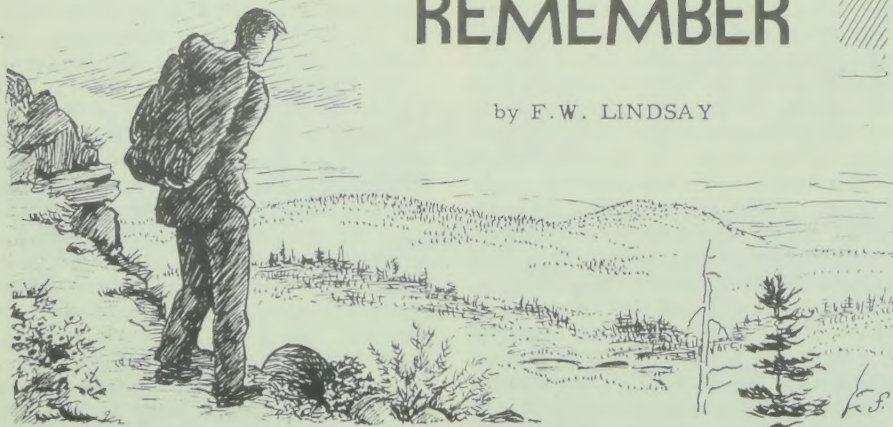
About half an hour later two evenly spaced shots came from the north a-

continued on page 30



REMEMBER

by F.W. LINDSAY



YOU were sitting in the wide seat at the rear of the bus when I got on, remember? Your eyes caught mine and I knew that you were lonely. There was a world of loneliness about us, for this was a solitary land.

The creaking bus on which we were riding was the only link between civilization and the scattered outposts of the north. It carried mail and freight as well as its handful of passengers.

I sat down beside you. Neither of us spoke, but I noticed that your coat was of poor quality and that you were very thin. Yet your eyes attracted me. They were deep, sensitive eyes, brimming with the hunger of loneliness. I felt a strange kinship for you, for I too suffer the same hunger.

It is a fierce pain, that hunger. Homeless wanderers in the wilderness know it. In sheer desperation they give names to trees and rocks and mountains, as though these inanimate objects, sharing their loneliness, could comfort them.

Veterans know the hunger, that craving for the rough camaraderie of the camps, the rattle of mess halls, the smell of kahki and polish, of gunfire and smoke and excitement and the love of fighting men for each other.

I had a package of chocolate with me and I offered you some. You accepted it graciously, although I could see that you were voraciously hungry. Yet you ate it slowly, savoring each tiny bit. Slowly like a person who is watching a sunset from some high place and has to leave before darkness envelopes the homeward trail, but lingers wistfully, knowing that once gone, that day can never be recalled.

The bus sped onward into the winding ribbon of headlighted road. Once a coyote crossed in front of us and as

it passed, we heard its shrill, keening note of sorrow and despair. I looked at you sharply, for you had tensed eagerly and were looking backwards. I thought that perhaps a little bit of your soul was wild and primitive and had stayed there with the coyote.

Later on the bus stopped and a woman with three small children got aboard. One of the children, a little girl, ran to me and climbed into my lap. You smiled at her and she gurgled with delight. Then she moved over to you and put her arms around your neck.

Her mother came and almost angrily snatched her away. You looked disconsolate and made as if to rise, but I stopped you. The mother had no radiance in her soul. Work and drudgery had killed the sunrise.

We came to a small town and stopped beside an all night eating place. It was a store with rough counters inside and one lighted gas pump out in front. A man came from the back and took our orders. There were ham and eggs, coffee and home made doughnuts.

I had but little money and guessed you had none, for you did not go into the cafe. So I bought doughnuts and shared with you. We drank water from a small creek that flowed nearby. I found a paper cup in my pocket and carried some water to the mother in the bus. She smiled and the hardness left her eyes. She told me she was going home. When she said 'home' there was music in her voice. I gave her the rest of my chocolate for the children. Then she laughed and played a game with them. I knew that my small kindness had found the sunrise for her again.

You were cold and shivered slightly. I wrapped my coat around you and you

fell asleep with your head on my chest. I slept too and when I awakened, my head was resting on yours and morning had arrived, a gusty, stormy morning.

The end of the run was a sprawling ranch with a large log house and a small general store and Post Office. The bus pulled in at breakfast time but I did not stop to eat. I let the store keeper know I was back, picked up my packsack and started along the trail that leads to my cabin.

I said goodbye to you, but that was all. I had no reason to expect you cared for me. We were but passing ships, strangers, our sole attraction, loneliness.

The trail curved on the bosom of the mountain like a garland worn by a benevolent giantess. As I gained the level of the first ridge, I stopped to look down across the tapestry of blueberry bushes bordering the hay fields. I thought of you and the brief interval of almost perfect companionship that had blossomed between us. Then I turned and went on up the trail.

The next rise was steeper. I came onto an exposed bluff and here the wind was a fierce thing. But it blew the dust of the town from my brain. I tore off my necktie and hung it on the limb of a tree. The wind seized it and whipped it away, bowling it over rocks until it was lost.

I opened my shirt and let the wind blow on my chest and around my back. It chilled me at first, then warmed me. I became a part of the wind. I threw back my head and sang. . . I do not know what. It was wild and pagan . . . my answer to the wind.

As I climbed on, the sound of thunder reached me. It rolled and groaned like the giant wagon wheels on the roadway of the heavens and the grey distance was stabbed by lightning. A great shaggy wolf leaped the trail in front of me. He was not frightened of me nor I of him. We recognized each other as one of Nature's own.

Nearing my cabin, I sensed someone behind me. My muscles tensed. Strange creatures roam the wilderness at times. Human creatures who have not the gentility of wolves. I wheeled in my tracks and saw you, remember?

You looked ashamed, fearful, as though expecting a harsh word or perhaps a blow. But I knew you were down and out. Nature does not kick anything when it is down. She covers it with moss and lichen and so beautifies it. If it is wounded, she leads it by still waters where it may lick its wounds. No, Nature is not unkind and the solitude had made me one with Nature.

When we reached the cabin, I opened

the door and bade you enter. You hesitated at first and looked searchingly into my face. Your eyes were watchful, wary, like the eyes of a startled doe. You searched me deeply. You plumbed the depths of my being and then, satisfied, entered the cabin.

I lighted a fire and laid the table. I fried bacon and potatoes, made bannock and tea. You watched my every move and finally the uneasiness left you. When all was ready, you shared the meal with me.

The storm grew fiercer in intensity. The wind swung north and brought a flurry of snow with it. As the light of day dwindled, I saw you were growing more and more apprehensive. I could not turn you out into the night. So I made up my bed and then made a bed for you in the far corner of the cabin, near the stove, where you could be warm.

That night I talked. I told you of the many trails I knew and of the animals who were my friends. I talked as only a lonely man can talk. I told you of the lost lake beyond the ranges, of the trout and grayling that leap to the fly as sparks leap across a gap. I told you of the sunsets and sunrises I had seen, of the long winters and the ethereal beauty of the snows. I told you the story of the panther hide that lay across the foot of my bed and of the grizzly rug upon the floor. Yes, that night I talked, for I had found the rarest of all delights, a perfect listener.

All that took place a year ago. It seems strange that you should have remained with me a year. But it is good, for although loneliness sometimes encompasses me even now, I am never as lonely as I used to be.

Of course the world would say that this is wrong, that you should not live with me, that you are not mine, that I do not lawfully possess you. I know nothing of this. I only know that you have a soul and I have a soul and that somewhere, long long ago, we knew each other and knowing, must have loved.

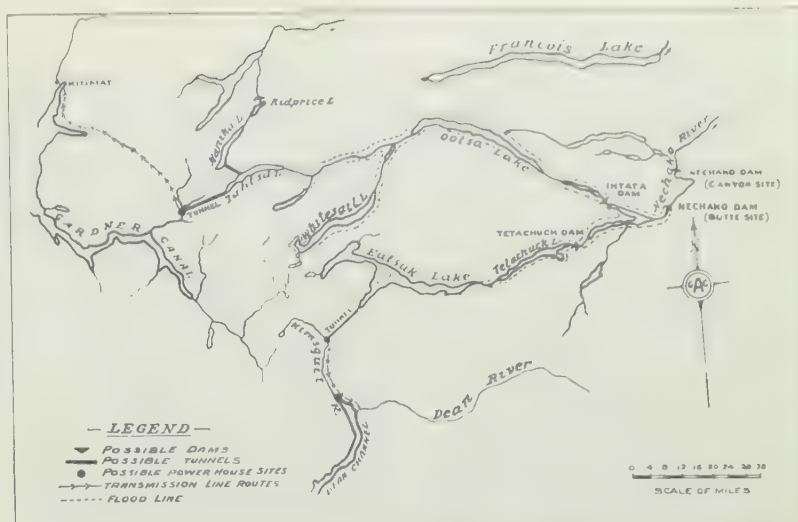
Yes, the world will say that this is wrong, that you are not my dog and they would call me thief. But I do not care. You say that you belong to me and who deals in souls anyhow, in the market places of the world?

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

The fishes lay a million eggs
The barnyard hen but one,
The fishes do not cackle
To let us know what's done.
We scorn the little fishes
The noisy hens we prize,
Proving that beyond a doubt
It pays to advertise.

— Author Unknown.

Alcan Proves Dam Site For B.C. Development



THE Aluminum Co. of Canada has reached the first major objective in its exploratory work on the Nechako River in British Columbia's Tweedsmuir Park.

Engineers of the company recently announced that a suitable dam site has been proved at the "Canyon Site." The successful findings are the result of two years of exploratory work carried out for Alcan by the B. C. International Engineering.

The Nechako dam would be one of the key structures in a power development of about 1.5 million horsepower necessary for the proposed aluminum plant development estimated to cost

between \$300 million and \$500 million.

A dam at the site would be built 300 feet high to halt the eastward flow of the Nechako which drains Ootsa, Whitesail, Tehtachuk, Eutsuk, Tahtsa and other lakes and rivers in this huge watershed, and divert the waters westward.

A 10-mile tunnel would then be drilled from Tahtsa Lake to the Kemano River where the hydro plant be built. A "head" of 2600 feet would be provided.

The next problem facing Alcan's engineers is the construction of a transmission line from the power plant to Kitimat where an excellent townsite is available.

I WONDER



"So you're looking for a job, eh - any practical experience?"

I wonder what would happen
If we all went on strike
And everyone refused to touch
A job he didn't like.
Suppose the cows and chickens quit
And wheat refused to grow
And corn and clover threw a fit
And wind just wouldn't blow.
Mankind has such an easy life;
He thinks he owns the earth,
If these things happened he would learn
How little he was worth.

—Author Unknown.

The Ear Lake Mass Murder

by W.D. MacBRIDE

IN THE summer of 1915 a Russian Cossack named Alec Gagoff was employed on the Whitehorse section gang of the White Pass Railroad. Gagoff spoke a little broken English and understood less. He took English lessons by appointment from a local school teacher until one evening when the appointment had been cancelled, his broad face was discovered peaking through her window, which gave her such a scare that the language lessons were terminated. Gagoff got the not unusual obsession that the other section hands were making fun of him because he could not understand their language. He brooded over this and finally quit his job.

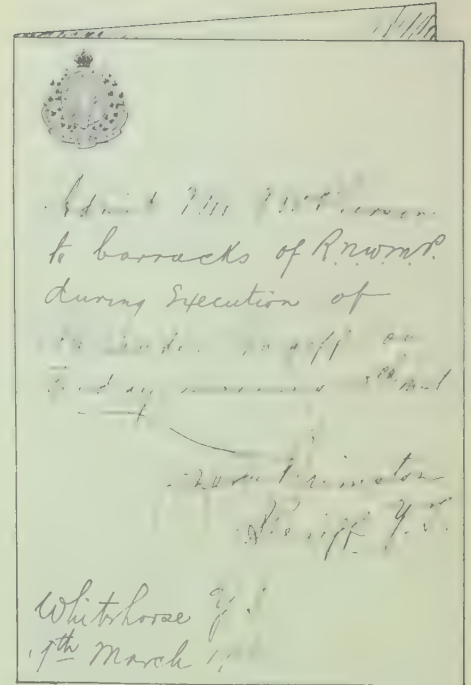
During the noon hour of September 30th, 1915, the Section Foreman and four of his crew were just finishing lunch on the edge of the high grade north of Ear Lake, three miles from Whitehorse, when they noticed a man walking towards them along the hillside above the railroad track. He was carrying a rifle in his right hand. They were reclining on the ground beside the fire where they had brewed their tea. As the man slid down the grade above them, they recognized him as Alec Gagoff. The foreman, Pat Kinlow said, "Hello, Alec, come and have some tea."

Without warning Alec Gagoff raised his 30-30 Winchester to his shoulder and started shooting at the men from close range. One man lay still, but the others jumped down the hundred foot steep incline towards the Yukon river in an effort to escape. Carefully Carefully and methodically he picked them off one by one, and continued to shoot at the only man who escaped un-

scathed into the woods. He then reloaded the rifle and proceeded to riddle the bodies. One man was shot fifteen times. Three were dead, but Henry Cook, having received one fatal bullet was not further molested and lived long enough to tell the story. Gagooff said to Henry Cook, "I sorry I shoot you, Henry, I looking for 'Fighting Mike.'"

Fortunately for Mike he was not with the gang that day. Gagoff then lifted the section hand car onto the track and started for town. He stopped at the round-house and said to the foreman Frank Leslie, "I just shoot three dogs," and continued on to the White-horse Depot. The foreman phoned the depot reporting what Gagoff had said, as he was afraid that something was wrong. Gagoff left the hand car in front of the depot and walked in carrying the 30-30 in his right hand and four cartridges between the fingers of his left hand. He said he was looking for "Fighting Mike" and walked across the street to the drug store, where the druggist, H. G. Macpherson, induced him to hand over the rifle for safe-keeping. The depot staff, in the meantime, had notified the R. C. M. Police, and two of the Mounties walked into the drug store and arrested Gagoff on suspicion. Henry Cook died within a day, thus making a death toll of four men.

The trial was speedily concluded, waiting only for the arrival of Gagoff's cousin from the coast. When this gentleman stepped off the train the Police removed two loaded revolvers from his person. It was apparently his intention to attempt to smuggle a revolver to Gagoff, so he could take



The graves of the victims



The funeral procession

his own life. To a Cossack execution by any means other than shooting is a disgrace. Alec Gagoff went to the gallows in the high-walled yard of the Whitehorse Jail, which stood on the site of present Canadian Army quarters, on March 10th, 1916, thus closing the pages of the worst mass murder recorded in the Police Records of Yukon Territory.

The grave markers of Section Foreman Pat Kinslow and his gang of George Lane, Henry Cook and Tom Bokovich with the simple inscription "Died Sept. 30th, 1915," may still be seen in the Whitehorse Cemetery.



During the past ten years the population of Quesnel has jumped from 750 to almost 4,000 and is due for another big increase.

W. Warden

Quesnel - Cariboo Boom Town

by ARTHUR G. DOWNS

OLD-TIMERS of Quesnel are often heard to remark that no-one ever worries about a depression, everyone has money in the bank. This is quite true, figuratively speaking, except that the banks aren't brick but those washed by the Fraser and Quesnel rivers, and the money isn't crisp new bills or shiny silver dollars but a dull yellow metal mixed with sand and gravel and rocks. But the bank surrenders its wealth with no strings attached, honest effort the only requirement to make a withdrawal, and during hard times many a citizen has exchanged his labor for enough of the bank's gold to at least feed his family and maintain his self-respect.

The Guggenheims, wealthiest of all American mining barons, seemed well aware of the banks possibilities, for they once offered a reported \$1,000,000 for mining rights to the townsite. And an event a few years ago proved that the offer might have been conservative. Harold Cleland, proprietor of the Cariboo Hotel, dug a post-hole a few yards from his hotel and washed



Construction on the million dollar Western Plywoods Co. veneer plant got under way early in Sept. First units will be in operation by mid-winter.

A "Digest" Photo



Load after load of 'peeler' logs pass through the town daily.



'Peelers' being loaded for shipment to the Western Plywood veneer plant at New Westminster



Stockpiles of rough lumber await processing before shipment to world markets. - photos by C&N Digest

a panful of the gravel. To his surprise it yielded about 25 cents worth of gold. Seemingly the Guggenheim's fabled "nose for gold" would have paid off again, since miners can earn wages

on only 2 cents to the pan, while 10 cents would be grounds for a stampede, and 25 cents cause prospectors to bid St. Peter goodbye and return to their beloved creeks and rivers.

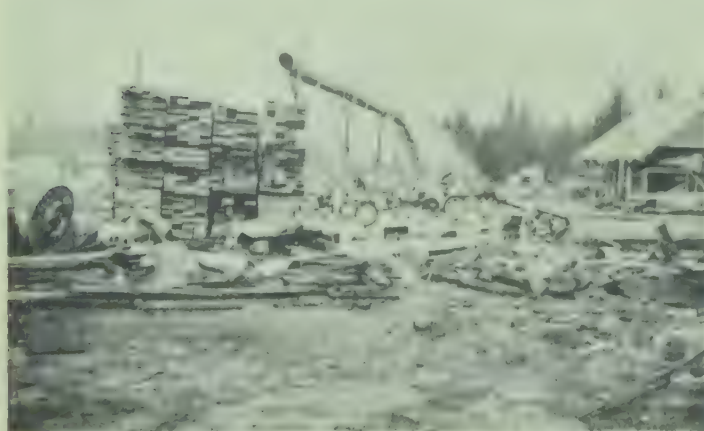
The deal didn't go through. The town fathers let nature keep her yellow treasure. She had designed the area with a loving hand. She laid down vast store houses of many minerals, and then included a great river that could be easily harnessed to develop the deposits. At the conflux of the Fraser and Quesnel rivers she provided a natural townsite, with winding valleys containing acres and acres of fertile farm land and hillsides covered with fir, jack-pine, poplar and spruce. She filled bars and benches with gold to build the town and spread her name around the world, and when the excitement died, to carry her over the lean periods that followed.

Today nature still provides well, but the gold comes from farm and forest, and has created an air of prosperity unequalled even by that of the roaring days of the gold-laden 60's. There were only two mills in the district in 1940; now there are over 80. Six planer mills work sixteen or more hours a day and in an average week, 50 carloads of lumber leave the town. Construction work continues at an amazing level. Apart from the construction of the P.G.E. extension to Prince George and Western Plywood's million dollar veneer plant, there is a vast amount of local work. Between



A portion of "gasoline alley". Years ago a few bales of hay kept wagon wheels turning - today some 60,000 gallons of fuel are used daily by farm and industry.

A "Digest" Photo



Fire, that ever-present hazard in the lumber industry, has resulted in two planer mills being destroyed dur-



in the past year, but small portable planers are quickly set up so that production continues.

A "Digest" Photo



One of the many planer mills running two shifts to keep pace with the unprecedented demand for lumber.



It takes some 80 sawmills scattered around a 20-mile radius to keep the



town's 6 planer mills working at their overall capacity of 400,000 f.b.m. per day. - photos by C&N Digest

thirty and forty new houses are built each year, and a new theatre, garage, and a potato storage warehouse are almost completed. On top of this the Royal Bank of Canada is enlarging its premises and the Dominion Bank has purchased a lot and is calling for tenders. Last year the Public Works Department built new offices and machinery sheds, a bowling alley was opened, and Quesnel's proudest possession, its ultra-modern \$250,000 High School was completed.

Industrial expansion, together with the increase in construction and general influx of farmers, has had a startling effect on Quesnel's population. In 1941 it was 700, today it crowds the 4,000 mark. Houses are virtually impossible to buy or rent and every cabin or shack has an occupant. The town is bulging at its seams and stretching gamely at its waistline. "There is a great need for speculative building and a drastic need for rental housing," said one village official, and Mayor H. Tuffley added, "We have approached several companies about building low-rental houses but so far have had no success. We could fill 50 houses right now." To cope with the situation a Town Planning Commission was recently set up. The

Commission is trying to get action on housing, raise enough money to hard-surface streets through the town and is planning a new residential area and a sewer system.

Quesnel's communication system long ago lost the battle to keep pace with progress. Since the telephone system was installed the town's population has increased seven-fold and conservative estimates are that 100 more subscribers would be quickly added if the exchange were enlarged. Fifty-seven rural homes have phone service but a farm spokesman ventured that this would easily be doubled if facilities were available. Recently the telephone office closed at midnight because of lack of help, annoying citizens still more and leaving them without outside communication.

Another touchy subject with Quesnelites is their telegraph service, or as one disgruntled tourist was heard to say, "Their lack of it." The office closes at six and a recent editorial in Quesnel's weekly paper said, in effect "At a time when Quesnel is busier than ever before the Government sees fit to curtail its already inadequate service. It is evident that the Dominion Government pretty generally fails to recognize the needs of its customers."

A newspaper columnist from Vancouver recently discovered that the service actually closed before six. He had his copy in at five-thirty but even that was too late. "It's a good thing I kept a column ahead," he remarked "or I would have been out of luck."

Growing up, as it did, in the midst of miners and farmers, the town acquired a good deal of the independence and patience common to the two professions. History records that the original inhabitants were equally independent, for in 1793 Indians of the district forced Alexander MacKenzie



Diesel-electric power of the B.C. Power Commission plant was boosted from 1200 to 2500 h.p. Six years ago a 150 hp motor handled the load.



Box-cars from every major line on the continent may be seen in the Quesnel yards. -photos by C&N Digest



Planer mills are swinging over to electric power to eliminate winter motor-starting troubles.

Main Street, Quesnel, B.C.



Main street, at the turn of the century.

to turn back 35 miles below Quesnel and seek another route to the Pacific. Later day arrivals fought just as fiercely to defend their independence - 66 men from the district fell in World War 1 and 19 in World War 2. In both conflicts Quesnel had one of the best, if not the best, per capita enlistment in the Dominion, and recently when the bugle called for volunteers for the

Korea Brigade, several young men mysteriously disappeared.

For the first forty years of its life, Quesnel was overshadowed by the color and splendour of the Cariboo gold rush, but it discovered there were advantages to playing second fiddle. With the completion of the Cariboo road to Soda Creek in 1863 and to Quesnel some years later, the town

Occidental Hotel, Quesnel, B.C.



Imposing false-fronts were the style of the day - but hid nothing.....

sat at the crossroads of the Cariboo. To the east rose the gold-bearing mountains around Barkerville; to the north lay Fort George and the fabulous Peace, and to the west were the lush meadows of the Chilcotin, Nazko and blackwater rangeland. The town soon found itself the supply depot of this vast area.

To meet the demand for food, farms



Ah Sing, one of the early day freighters takes a load of potatoes to Barkerville in a typical freight wagon - photos this page courtesy H. Windt



Roads were few and cars unreliable when Quesnel's renowned doctor G.R. Baker first came to Quesnel 40 yrs. ago. (He still practises, but gets around in a light delivery truck rather than by horse.



Flour from the James Reid flour mill was shipped via river steamer to all points of the compass



The new Occidental Hotel (see photo on left), Quesnel's pride and joy, went up in smoke along with half the business section in 1916.

sprang up, giving the district stability and an air of permanence. A flour mill and a sawmill soon followed, providing the young town with its first in-

HOPE to LYTTON, B.C.

HOPE CAFE

SPECIALIZING IN
STEAKS and CHOPS

HOPE, B.C.

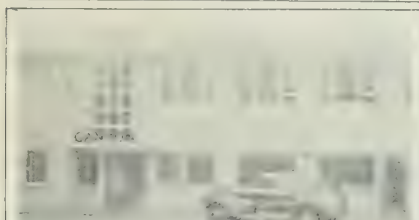


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CANYON HOTEL & GRILL

Most Modern Stopping Place on the Cariboo
Highway, Fully Licensed, 16 Rooms 10 with Bath
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TWIN PEAKS of Chilliwack YALE, B.C.

Spuzzum General Store

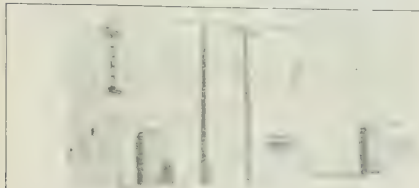
Coffee Shop, Indian Leather and Basket Work Post Office
Gas and Oil W K Baerman & Co. - SPUZZUM, B.C.

HARRINGTON MOTORS

MEMBER C.I.A., A.A.A., A.T.A. - Open till Midnight

Complete Garage Service

Agents CHRYSLER Products, SHELL Gas and Oil
Enjoy The COG GRINDERS POOL - In The Heart of The
Fraser Canyon at BOSTON BAR, B.C.



dustries. To glean some of the gold dust from the many travellers, several hotels were built, among them the four story, 120 room Occidental, then one of B.C.'s finest. In those days the town was brazen and naughty and featured the kind of entertainment that later made Paris famous. Its bars were numerous, its whisky strong and



Miss Mellifont, Quesnel's first nurse, was saved from being strangled by an 'unbalanced' patient, when Dr. Baker, acting on a hunch, raced up to the hospital at 3 AM and found the patient in the process of strangling the town's only nurse....she stayed on.

GRAND HOTEL

FULLY MODERN - FULLY LICENSED
Coffee Bar
15 Modern Rooms-Baths

On the Main Highway

"The Friendly House of the Nicola Valley"
MERRITT, B.C.

"Come In and Meet Ethel and Ray"

LYTTON to CACHE CREEK, B.C.

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Gas & Electric WELDING - AUTO PARTS REPAIRS
POWER HOIST LUBRICATION
TIRES GAS OIL ACCESSORIES
The SHELL Station at LYTTON, B.C.

ALEX GAMMIE

Department Store

THE MOST MODERN DEPARTMENT
STORE IN THE FRASER CANYON
A Full Line of Groceries, Meats,
Drygoods, Hardware & Sporting Goods
LYTTON, B.C.

ASHCROFT BAKERY

W.E. Blacklock and A. Dingley

QUALITY BREAD, CAKES & PASTRIES

Mail Orders Given Special Attention



MARK DUMOND

LIQUOR IMPLEMENTS
GMC Sales & Service
ASHCROFT, B.C.

Cariboo Garage

General Repairs and
Wrecker Service

Reo Trucks, Vanguard Cars, Imperial Products

IMPERIAL Service Station

Wm. (Bill) Shandley

GENERAL SERVICING

TIRES

Spence's Bridge, B.C.



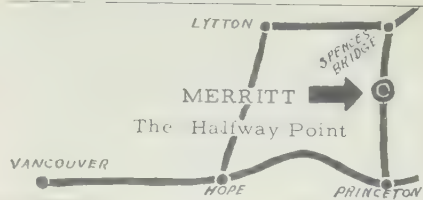
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At Junction of No. 1 Trans-Canada and
Cariboo Highways
Semi-Modern Cabins Cool and Shady Camp
Dining Room, Specializing in Steaks
IMPERIAL OIL PRODUCTS GENERAL STORE
Hunting and Fishing Information
H. A. BROOKE, Proprietor
Phone: Government Pay Station



PAT'S CARIBOO SERVICE

CHEVRON GAS & OIL - COFFEE BAR
GENERAL SERVICING
ASHCROFT FORKS, B.C.





Quesnel, like most towns bordering the Fraser River suffers occasionally from floods.

- photos by C & N Digest



The town's new quarter million dollar Junior-Senior high school, blueprinted 3 years ago and completed last February - is already overcrowded due to the increased population.



Contrary to most boom towns, Quesnel is not a shack-town. The homes shown above and below are typical of the scores of new homes being built by newcomers who obviously have faith in the future of the district.



Quesnel's Volunteer Firemen's Association is recognized as one of the best in the province.



LILLOOET, B.C.

G.E. SPEER



Watchmaker & Jeweler



LADIES' & MEN'S WATCHES
RINGS, BRACELETS and
Costume Jewelry
Guaranteed Repair Work
Prompt Attention Given To
MAIL ORDERS



LILLOOET COFFEE BAR

HOME COOKED MEALS - ROOMS
ICE CREAM - CONFECTIONERY - SOFT DRINKS
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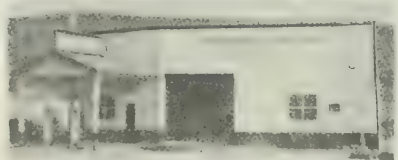
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plentiful, and it is said its red-light district was the liveliest for miles.

After 1900 Barkerville's golden sun started waning and the town faded into the shadows of history. For some time it looked as if Quesnel might follow, but nature had provided otherwise. A mining company decided that since bars on the Fraser river had produced thousands of dollars worth of gold its bed would produce millions. The town went along with the theory, but kept on the practical side of the ledger. Its businessmen sold the company supplies, its solitary mill cut timber for the huge undertaking, and its labor force helped assemble the giants. All told the town received a fair share of the \$800,000 expended on the venture, and when the mining men lost their shirts, the townspeople patted their padded pockets and looked as solemn as circumstances permitted.

The dredge venture, augmented by a steady influx of settlers and general placer mining, kept the town prosperous until the rail boom of 1906-14. During this period the G. T. P. (now the C. N. R.) was extended across Northern B.C. to Prince Rupert and Quesnel's cross-road position again proved very profitable. She played host to the many survey parties in the district, initially handled up to 75% of the construction material, and sold supplies to the dozens of new settlers arriving in the fore of the railway.

A few months after the rail-line was completed World War 1 started and Quesnel underwent a great transformation. With the men of the country overseas the 'dries' brought in laws that closed bars and other forms of entertainment. Later, on the morning of January 16, 1916, with thermometers registering -47 degrees below, the proud Occidental Hotel and virtually all of the business section was a mass of smoking ruins in a fire that threatened to wipe out the whole town.

The alarm was sounded by Doctor Baker at two o'clock that bitter morning and soon men, women, and children were formed into a bucket brigade. It was quickly evident that this was hopeless, heat from the frame buildings was so intense that no one could get close enough with the water. Instead, people turned to saving what they could. John A. Fraser's store was emptied right down to two large show-cases, and the goods carried to the river bank. Someone suggested that by dynamiting the bank which stood next door they might save the buildings next to it.

"So we dynamited the bank," John A. Fraser recalls, "and blew a hole clean through into the next building and the fire along with it. On top of that the blast broke the showcases we'd carefully saved."

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GAS - CABINS - SOUVENIRS - INFORMATION



Quesnel's Royal Bank of Can. enlarges its premises to take care of ever-increasing business.



A new \$20,000 service station under construction for Home Oil agent J. A. Lazzarin.



Stores are hard-pressed to take care of increasing business without enlarging their premises - many have done so.

- photos by C&N Digest



The town's two modern auto courts are filled to capacity winter and summer.



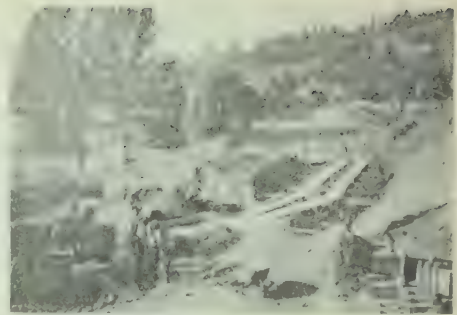
The Hudson's Bay Company trading post across the street (now the local drug store) and Hudson Bay House (now the "Travellers Rest") were saved by soaking famous point blankets in water and using them for a shield. They were practically the only buildings spared. The rest of the business area had disappeared.

The tragedy left Quesnel very fire conscious, and today under Fire Chief Charlie Beath they have the best Volunteer Fire Department in B. C. The firemen all hold full time jobs, but when the alarm sounds they leave whatever they are doing, whether it be a customer newly lathered or a gas tank half filled, and leg it for the fire truck. They do this so well that when Insurance Adjusters unexpectedly visited the town and turned in a false alarm, insurance rates were lowered.

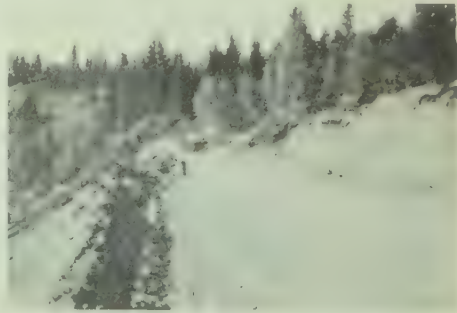
When the town finished rebuilding after the great fire and settled its veterans from the World War it found itself in the middle of another railroad boom, and shortly later heard its first train whistle. With the infant P. G. E. came dignified men who promised great things for the area. "The P. G. E. will go north to the mighty Peace," they promised. "It will develop this great country and bring cheap grain for your cattle. You are embarking on the greatest era of prosperity in your history." The words were music to the resident's ears.

They watched miles of track laid on the way to Prince George and millions of feet of lumber cut to bridge Cottonwood Canyon; they watched settlers flock in and establish themselves along the right of way; they watched ranchers increase their herds in anticipation of cheap grain, but even as they watched, something went wrong. On the excuse that it was impossible to bridge Cottonwood Canyon, construction of the rail-line halted. Three million feet of lumber rotted, the shiny new rails rusted, and ranchers waited in vain for their cheap feed. Settlers along the abandoned right of way were forced to pay high truck rates and Quesnel forgot about the promised prosperity and prepared to weather the depression that was brewing. Here again everyone discovered that nature had provided well.

Bars and banks of the Quesnel and Fraser yielded from 50¢ to a \$1.00 per day and often more. The soil grew fine vegetables, the lakes held plenty of fish, and in the woods moose and deer were plentiful. These factors brought about an actual increase in the population during the depression. More and more people left the uncertainty of the city and came north, where they discovered that they could at least earn enough to keep off relief lines.



Construction on the foundation for the power house at Western Plywoods Co. veneer plant currently under construction.



New highway under construction to the plant which is located two miles south of town on the bank of the Fraser.



The Dominion Bank of Canada will compete with the Royal Bank in a \$40,000 building erected on this site. Greatest single factor contributing to the boom is lumbering.

Quesnel changed little from then until the close of the second World War when people began wondering if the dignified gentlemen were really concerned about them after all. They suspiciously noticed that although they had been promised improved communications for 25 years, little was being done. Parts of their sagging telegraph system had been built in 1865; they still bogged down on the main highway every spring, and the P. G. E., though running up a deficit of \$125,000,000, hadn't gone further north than the local switchyard. People of the north were suspicious too, and the dignified gentlemen were unceremoniously tossed out of their seats. Results were gratifying.

The gentlemen came back with

bigger and better promises, among them plans for a Hydro development, and work actually started on several of the long delayed projects. At the next election they were returned to office but with smaller majorities and even yet many old-time residents are rather dubious about the promises. "After all," one remarked, "we've listened to all this before and got nothing, and this time they've added a Power dam. So far we're getting the P. G. E. extension but they had more than this built 30 years ago and they quit. Seems to me they're mighty slow about filling their promises."

The editor of Quesnel's lusty Cariboo and Northwest Digest magazine seems to think so too. In a recent editorial he pointed out that "the reconstruction of the Cariboo Highway to Number 1 standards from Ashcroft to Prince George, slated for completion by 1950 (according to a statement made by Minister of Public Works in 1946) has halted 50 miles of paved, 50 miles rebuilt and gravelled, and 175 miles to go." He goes on to point out that "13 months after the start of construction of the P. G. E. there are less than two miles of track in place," and that "construction of the Hart Highway to connect Prince George with Dawson Creek and the Alaska Highway is already three years behind schedule and not slated for completion until 1952."

The editor of the Cariboo Observer and other Interior weeklies frequently point out that "in 1949 the government promised us a Hydro development and actually set five million dollars aside for the project. Lately they have been very quiet about the subject." There is a good deal of talk that the fisheries are opposing the dam, but not everyone believes this. "I don't think the run on the Quesnel is anything to shout about," one pioneer reported. "I've been here forty years and have yet to see an Indian fish the river. Besides, if they can build a dam they can easily build a fish ladder. And the Americans didn't hesitate to string dams all over the Columbia river system, salmon or no salmon."

Besides the hydro possibilities, the district abounds with breath-taking attractions for industry. "Lately there's been a lot of fuss made about the nine million feet of timber around the district," one prominent citizen remarked, "that's been known since I was a boy. Forty years ago the Canadian government sent in an engineer to survey the area for pulp-wood possibilities. He reported and I read the report, that on the Quesnel river and its tributaries alone there is enough timber to keep 250 ton a day pulp mill supplied forever. (The new \$25,000, 000 plant at Prince Rupert is only a 200 ton plant.



Cement bricks being manufactured for a 600 seat theatre to be erected on the location shown below.



- photos by C & N Digest



The new Prov. Dept. of Public Works machinery depot and garage.



The farmer's co-operative which ten years ago started with a few hundred dollars, today has a net worth of over \$60,000. It markets all farm products and supplies farmers with machinery, feed etc.



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Recently an American tourist learned first-hand about some of the district's resources. He was watching Public Works trucks dump loads of pink and yellow rock-like material into some 300 feet of Quesnel's main street that periodically slides into the Fraser. He picked up a piece and examined it carefully. Finally he ambled over to a citizen watching the operations. "I've never seen anything like this," he said, "What is it?"

"We call it burnt clay," the citizen replied. "It's clay that has been burnt or baked by nature until its like a brick. There are thousands of tons of it along the P. G. E."

"Isn't there a better use for it than road fills?"

"Probably," the citizen replied. "It's like our Diatomite. No one seems interested."

The tourist looked puzzled again. "That's new to me too. What is it?"

"It's a form of plant life that once lived under water and built up like coral. The brown or yellowish slime on submerged weeds or on the bottoms of ponds and pools is a mass of living diatoms. Someday it should be a big and profitable industry around here. It pops up around the district like the wolves in winter, in fact we have the largest and purest deposits in the British Empire. There are outcroppings in town, around town, and out of town. The largest, a bed thirty to forty feet thick that runs for a mile, is only 8 miles from Quesnel with a road right to it."

"Isn't it worthwhile developing it?"

"Worthwhile! I'll say it is. In 1946 Canada used over 11,000 tons and produced only 39 tons. The rest was imported. Mr. Winder, one of the town's insurance agents, wrote to several European countries about developing it. They all indicated interest but that's all so far. The outcroppings around here are of such high quality that they here are of such high quality that the diatomite can be cut into solid blocks and used for insulating bricks just as it is."

"Commercially, diatomite is used for insulating blast furnaces, brick kilns, and other hot-spots. It is used in sound-proofing, water-proofing, and as a packing for sulphuric acid and other dangerous corrosives. Besides that it has dozens of other uses, ranging from fire-proofing paint, to cleaning materials. It also works fine for insulating refrigerators. Floyd Vernon once lined an ice-box with it for the Quesnel hospital. It was used for years and worked perfectly. Well you will have to excuse me," said the Quesnelite, "I have to get back to my coal mining."

"Coal mining!" gasped the startled tourist. "In this case I'm from Missouri."

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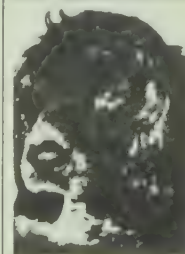
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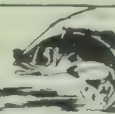
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"Sounds strange, I know," said the citizen. "Unfortunately it's true." He explained that he lived in West Quesnel and since there is no water supply, was busy digging himself a well. The first spot he tried he struck



With five construction companies working full blast through an ideal summer and fall, work is progressing rapidly on the project of pushing P.G.E. rails through to Prince George. Units of the Emil Anderson Construction Co. are shown above making a fill near Woodpecker. Largest unit, on the left, has a capacity of 24 cu. yards. A "Digest" Photo



photo by A.G. Graham

Cottonwood Canyon, the stumbling block of early attempts to complete the line to Prince George, will be bridged at this point(see next page).

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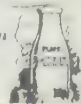
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A "Digest" Photo

ABOVE: Looking south across the gap where P.G.E. Railway will bridge Cottonwood canyon. Concrete piers for the bridge are being constructed by Dawson & Hall Ltd. South side piers are expected to be complete before winter sets in. LEFT: Looking north across the gap. Top photo was taken by photographer standing at approximate position where rails will touch on the north side.



A "Digest" Photo

lignite coal and in the second he did the same. "Now I'm seventeen feet through the darn stuff and there seems no end. Another foot and I'm giving up."

The American went on his way, a puzzled look still on his face. He would have wondered still more had he known about other minerals in the district. Less than a hundred miles from Quesnel there is a deposit of some two hundred million tons of clean, high-grade, high-quality coal. Seams of copper, and silver and many other minerals crop out on mountain sides from Barkerville to Williams Lake, and the slope of Dragon Mountain, six miles

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Overall length of the span across the Cottonwood will be 1025 ft., with longest span between piers being 300 ft. Height above water, 231 ft. Dominion Bridge Co. have been awarded the contract for the steelwork. A "Digest" Photo

east of Quesnel, are known to contain asbestos, low grade but still capable of being worked should the supply in eastern Canada give out. This area also contains good brick clay, a fact any farmer in the area will quickly verify. Oil companies have leased land throughout the district and Kersley. Gas and Petroleum are waiting the arrival of equipment to start drilling about fifteen miles south of Quesnel.

"Western Plywood Company's new plant has already given us a sample of what industrial expansion means," one member of the Board of Trade said. "By providing steady employment for about two hundred men it will stabilize the economy of the district even lumbering does falter."

Benefits of the industry are already being felt in other ways. One farmer had a stand of Cottonwood trees that plagued him for years. They stood between two fields and were a continued source of annoyance. They were useless as fire wood, resisted the efforts of dynamite, and grew bigger by the year. Recently a timber cruiser for the Company approached him and said the grove was worth about \$600 as it stood.

"Developing our resources could start anytime," a prominent businessman pointed out. "And as a start when we get our Hydro we stand a good chance of getting a pulp mill. There is also a Company trying to get a charter to export natural gas from



Pier 5 on the south side is perched on the edge of the canyon wall which drops almost perpendicularly over 100 feet to the water below. A "Digest" Photo

Alberta to B.C. via the Peace and Cariboo. With natural gas and a Hydro, there would be no predicting what would follow. But don't think we've built our future on day dreams. We have a very stable agricultural back-

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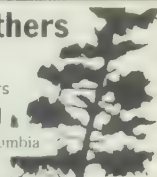
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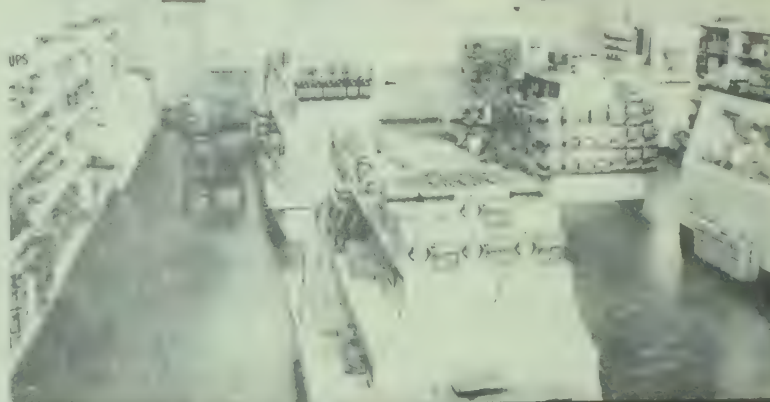
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FRONT ST. QUESNEL, B. C.



A "Digest" Photo



photo by A.G. Graham

Construction of the 82 mile grade between Quesnel and Pr. George involves the moving of millions of yards of dirt. Scores of "cats" and carryalls have been making short work of the job.

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photography A.G. Graham



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QUESNEL, B.C.

ground."

Farming in the district has come a long way since the day in 1863 that three Australians, bound for the gold fields, decided that digging in the rich earth would be easier than mucking out a gravel bank. During the years more people felt the same and today the town is surrounded by over 500 farmers who have found the area very favorable to their calling. It is free from insect pests, crop failures are unknown, and the soil is bountiful. Barley averages 50 bushels per acre, oats 78, wheat 25, and potatoes 12 tons. There is ample moisture, the yearly average of rain about 11 inches and snow 52. The average frost-free period extends from May 15th to September 15th, and in summer the temperature seldom rises above 80 degrees F.

There is a good market for farm produce, either locally or provincially. The story is told of one enterprising farmer who, in the days of the gold rush, took a barrel of milk to Barkerville during the winter, chipped it out with an axe and quickly sold the whole thing at a dollar a pound. Over the years marketing conditions haven't changed much. At last years cattle sale over 1000 head of cattle were sold in a few hours for a record price of \$119,000.

Evidence of the constant growth of farming in the district is shown by the amazing success of the North Cariboo Growers Co-op at Quesnel. Started in 1939 with a few hundred dollars pledged from local farmers, it now has a net worth of \$60,000, over 300 members, and eight full time employees. It is the central receiving point for all produce except cattle and in turn handles machinery, wire, flour, and general hardware. Under the energetic



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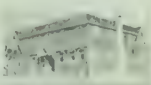
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leadership of Jack Rome the Co-op is growing steadily and has proven itself an invaluable asset to farmers throughout the district.

An increasingly important source of revenue for the district is the growing of seed potatoes. Last year farmers planted 529 acres and harvested a crop worth \$132,000. The area is becoming noted for its vigorous, disease free seed stock, and to maintain this high standard, growers banded together and passed a resolution that only registered seed may be grown in the district. Keeping pace with the increase in potato growing, the Co-op recently finished a \$10,000 storage centre and this, together with a new \$3,000 potato washer, will ensure that district potatoes reach the market in top-notch condition, able to compete with anything being marketed.

Despite the vast increase in the past few years, there is still plenty of room for expansion in the district. Although farmers pay taxes on some 102,000 acres, they cultivate only 21,000. It is estimated that local milk production could be stepped up 60% on a year round basis without weakening the market. At present milk has to be shipped in from as far south as the Fraser Valley and north from McBride. There is room for an increase of two to three hundred acres of seed potatoes, provided they meet requirements for certified seed. There is a ready market for seed, not so for table stock. Production of seed, grains of all types, and many localized root crops could be vastly increased.

These factors, plus the new vocat-



A new channel will be dug for this stream (Canyon Creek) to follow, and almost directly along the old stream bed.
photo by A.G. Graham

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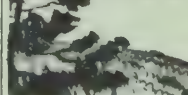
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ional agricultural classes at Quesnel's Junior-Senior High School and the many Junior farm clubs throughout the district, ensures that farming will in the future, as it has in the past, provide sturdy support to Quesnel's economic structure.

The interest taken in farming by the new generation is revealed by the fact that last year Jim Helsdon and Andrew Carnegie of a district potato club won both the Provincial and Dominion potato judging championships, and already this year Pat Webster and Tommy Windt have lifted Provincial Beef Judging honors. If club members were asked to give a reason for their success, they would quickly point to Ron Tarves, popular young District Agriculturist. Ron spares no effort to ensure that clubs know the fine points of competitive judging and are familiar with the latest scientific data on farming.

The Cariboo district is served by 1,260 miles of roads, which the editor of the Prince George Citizen contends are the Cariboo's worst; fortunately the editor of Quesnel's Cariboo Observer can always be relied upon to return the compliments so no feelings are hurt.

Quesnel's tonsils and tummies are cared for by a greatly overcrowded 21 bed hospital, a private medical clinic, 3 doctors, and 2 district nurses. There are two dentists, one of whom is so busy that appointments must be made at least five months in advance. The 5,000 cattle throughout the district must rely on their owners to cure their ills, there is no resident veterinary. Quesnel is linked with the outside world by an air flight daily, two Northbound and two Southbound buses daily, three trains a week, and several freight truck lines.

A trainload of heavy equipment and material arrive in the Quesnel rail yard.



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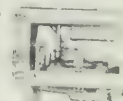


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A birdseye view of Prince George, B.C. - where P.G.E. will terminate . The P.G.E. Rly. has obtained running rights over Canadian National's Fraser River bridge , (left centre). U.S. and Canadian defence officials are

becoming increasingly aware of the necessity of pushing a rail line from Prince George through to Fairbanks if the Northwest is to be properly safeguarded.

photo by WALLY WEST

Ever since the day when a wandering journalist described the area as: "three thousand miles where naught but mosses grew is a land of foreboding climate--the Cariboo." Quesnel has been misrepresented by scribes of various quality. During the past year the sport has reached plague proportions. One old-timer often seen relaxing along the peaceful banks of the Fraser became rather choleric at the mention of the subject. . . "They come here expecting to see a town something like Barkerville during the 1860's," he said, "and when they find we're perfectly normal they go away madder'n hell and dream up things. Only this summer one described us as a 'quaint town of

log buildings, relics of the gold rush and vacant lots, dozing its way these past 30 years."

"Well, we might've looked quaint

to him but regarding the log buildings I doubt if there's a half dozen in the whole town and the only relic's of the gold rush are guys like me," went on



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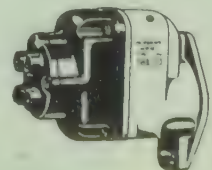
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the irate citizen. "As for vacant lots the Dominion Bank don't think so. Hear they paid over \$5,000 for enough ground to build on. What was said might have been true twenty years ago, except no one was dozing. Practically the whole town was working the Fraser and Quesnel rivers for enough gold to live on."

The old fellow paused to cool off and looked across at the main street. "The same guy said a frontier atmosphere had returned with everyone wearing Mackinaw shirts and muddy Jack boots. Well, we have our share of workers from camp and construction job, but that doesn't give us a frontier atmosphere. Certainly not Hollywood style with women wearing frilly buckskin jackets and riding breeches. Our women would be as much at home in the middle of Vancouver's busiest street as they are here."

Last spring a writer in a National Canadian magazine had the town's board sidewalks 'ringing to the echo of construction workers boots.' The howl that went up from the anguished Town Commissioners could be heard in the publisher's eastern offices. Construction workers there were; of wooden sidewalks there weren't. The year before the town had spent all its spare cash replacing all but two short strips of the board sidewalks with concrete ones.

Another writer in a National periodical had the P. G. E. starting nowhere and ending the same way. "I don't know what Squamish thought of being tagged nowhere," an indignant grey-beard commented, "but we got sore. Quesnel has been here since the 1860's and a lot of us look upon the place as home. Mrs. Early came here away back in 1884; was the town's first schoolmam and later served as our schoolmam and later served as the local telegraph operator. She is still here and as hale and hearty as the day she arrived.

John A. Fraser arrived in 1891 as another schoolteacher. Later he served in the Provincial and then the Federal Parliament and today owns one of the most modern stores in the interior. Then we have Doc Baker who took his first look at the town 40 years ago and decided to leave on the next stage; 'Doc' is still practicing; threatening to retire, but never seeming to be able to get around to it.

The magistrate, A. S. Vaughn came here in 1907 to work in the Bulion mine at Quesnel Forks. Later he started a business, lost everything in the land crash of 1911 but stayed and built up again. Then there is Charlie Allison, who recently retired after forty years of selling pink pills, sugar candies, and other knick-knacks from his drugstore. During the epidemic of 1919 he undermined his health over-

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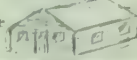
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THE DEVIL'S HOLLOW

continued from page 6

gain. This time closer and higher up, meaning William was coming in following the west ridge. To let him know I heard them, I fired a couple of 'hello' shots in return, then set to work as as to have supper all ready to tear into as soon as he arrived. It was well after dark when I finally heard foot steps and William stepped into the firelight.

I had been expecting to see him show up with a triumphant grin on his face, and have that ram's massive head dumped onto the ground in front of me. But he carried nothing, and without speaking, strode straight into the tent.

Though neither of us were excessive drinkers, we carried a bottle of real good Three-Star brandy in our dunnage, that so far hadn't had the cork drawn. Now, I heard William rummage for it, then the cork came out with a pop, next the gurgling sound of a heavy stimulant being imbibed. I waited. William came out, and then I noticed the white strange expression on his face.

"My goodness man, are you hurt?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I'm not hurt. But my God! I do believe I was face to face with that demon, or whatever it is that haunts the valley. I actually saw—I can scarcely believe it yet, but I swear I witnessed the vanishing act!"

I could see the brandy had steadied him a bit, so I said, "Chuck's ready let's set to. You can tell me about it while we are eating."

"When we parted today," he said "I was certain I would have that ram in an hour. He had been hit a little too high I thought for a complete knock-out, but still badly crippled. The others of the flock turned up hill, but he couldn't climb apparently, so struck off by himself, just walking. A number of times, I was almost up to him but he certainly had the knack of finding rock slides, bluffs and a lot of other places to cross, where I couldn't follow directly, so had to detour a dozen times or so. He took me back and forth across that mountain till late in the afternoon, when he suddenly decided to head straight towards the valley itself. I felt I had him then, for when a wounded sheep starts to go down hill, it invariably means he is giving up. In that, I believe I was right, for I saw him for about a second, as he crossed the little creek less than a hundred yards ahead. Seeing him so close had me so excited, I was right into the darkness between those big trees before realizing where I was. Under ordinary circumstances I believe I would have gotten out of there in a hurry, but just then I spotted

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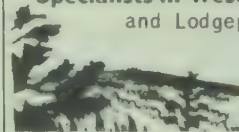
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the rear end of that ram not thirty yards away. I tried for a shot, but found I couldn't see the sights. It was evident then, I'd have to get close enough to shoot point blank. So dodged among those trees after him half a mile or more, but without seeming to get any closer. I was beginning to think he was going to hold out till we were in the open again, when he suddenly showed up no more than twenty yards away. I was going to shoot then and there, and brought my rifle up to my shoulder. I must have taken my eyes off him for a fraction of a second, possibly to glance at the gun--and then-- the ram was gone!

"I walked cautiously to where he had been standing, thinking perhaps he had collapsed, but he was no where in sight. I knelt: there in the soft earth I could make out his tracks. There was no sign of a struggle, and not the slightest sound had broken that silence. That huge ram had simply vanished into thin air!

"The full impact of the situation seemed to hit me all of a sudden, and I felt I was freezing into impotent immobility--at the mercy of an undefined silent killer in that ghastly semi-darkness. It was a sensation such as one must experience in falling from a great height, that of being fully conscious and knowing you have but a few seconds to live. Had the danger been something tangible, something one could shoot, fight or stab, I think I could have met my end almost with pleasure, compared with the agony of those brief inactive seconds.

"I do not think I'm less than average in personal courage, under ordinary circumstances, but must admit, I did crack under that tension. For without seeming to know what I was doing, I suddenly found myself blazing away in the darkness. How many shots I fired, I couldn't say, but it did snap me out of it, for the next thing I knew my legs started to function and I was running like a greyhound. Fortunately or instinctively, I headed in the right direction, and it seemed only a few minutes before I was in the open and going right up the west ridge. I slowed up then, but found my legs so wobbly I was in doubt whether they would take me into camp. However, after walking a few minutes, I was a lot steadier, so when I did get in tonight, was just about back to normal. Still I was not so sure I could talk coherently till I got the brandy into me."

The brandy did work wonders, for though still pale, William was able to tuck away a whole bannock and his full

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half of the broiled lamb chops. And by the time we had our pipes going, was even making an attempt to joke about his afternoon's experience. This show of tension relief didn't fool me however. I knew he had received a pretty severe shock, so insisted he take another stiff jolt of brandy. In only a few minutes he was relaxed sufficiently to begin feeling the natural weariness of the beating he had taken that day, in his chase after the wounded ram. We turned in then, and were both asleep before we had time to say a word about anything further.

We ate breakfast, washed dishes and tidied camp the following morning, in almost complete silence. Each of us felt a show-down, was imminent. That morning we would have to decide whether we started on the long trip back to civilization while the going was good, and forget we had ever been here. Or go back into that hell-hole of a valley again, in one more attempt to dig out its secret.

William was quite his normal self again. And judging from the few comments he had made that morning, and the expressions on his face, was suffering more from indignation and resentment towards the cause of his shock, than the effects of the shock itself. And possibly more determined now to see the thing through to a finish. I had a hunch too, he felt it was more his personal problem, and was hesitant in involving me further. So by way of taking a share of the responsibility, I said, "How about both of us taking another walk in there this morning to look the ground over, where that animal disappeared yesterday?"

William's face brightened. "Just what I was thinking," he answered. "I would like to reconstruct the whole affair, just to make sure there has been no slip up on my part."

"But believe me, we cannot afford to overlook the danger. We might have been just plain lucky to have gotten off as long as we have, and if we go in there today, it could prove to be just once too often."



"It isn't as easy as it looks, is it?"



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"Well," I said, "it looks as if the only way we'll ever find out, is to take that chance, so let's get started."

While we were talking, William had brought out the automatic pistol and was testing its action with concentrated attention. "It's rather difficult," he said, "to defend yourself against a seemingly invisible danger, but it certainly will do no harm to have this thing along with us."

As the weapon was William's, he offered it to me as an act of courtesy. This, I slipped my belt through, and shifted it around till it felt comfortable, so scarcely noticed I was wearing it.

Pocket flashlights were rare in those days and no one thought of carrying one into the woods with him. William suggested we cut a few long pieces of pitch wood, and shave the ends so they would burn with a good flare, and in that way get a better look at the ground where he had last seen his ram.

THE DEVIL STRIKES.

The snow from the previous day still provided good tracking on the slopes, and other shaded places and where the rays from the feeble October sun failed to penetrate. So we had no difficulty in back-tracking William to where he had come out into the open. Under the great trees of the valley, we lit up our torches and proceeded along a trail of the longest-spaced human tracks any one has ever seen. Poor William, he must have fairly flew among those giant tree trunks. I don't think those boot prints in that soft black earth were an inch less than ten feet apart.

We couldn't have gone more than a quarter of a mile or so, when we came to the spot where William had taken off. Boot prints close together showed where he had been standing when the ill-fated ram vanished.

Keeping close together, with our rifles cocked and ready for instant action, we slowly and cautiously moved in widening circles. But after half an hour's time, and having covered every foot of ground in a fifty-yard radius, with our last pitch stick burned out, we had drawn a blank again. The only

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result was a confirmation of the fact that whatever evil operated in that sinister gloom, was able to strike with deadly percision at its own chosen time, then remain invisible and undetectable, in defiance of our feeble attempts to reveal it.

With our torches burned out, it was useless to search farther, so we slowly commenced our retreat.

For safety's sake we devised a novel method of keeping a watch behind us as well as forward: William moved ahead while I, just a single pace from him, walked half backward. It was slow going and in ten minutes we hadn't covered more than a hundred yards or so. Just how long we could stand that slow motion, with our nerves at the snapping point, was fast becoming a major consideration. While my better judgement called for caution, my whole being cried out for a stampede towards safety. If I remember rightly, I was about to suggest running for it, when I heard a shout as if something had tapped William on his fur cap.

Under normal circumstances it would have been scarcely audible, but in that stark silence, it had the shocking force of an exploding bomb. I spun around as if a knife had been stuck in me, and was just in time to see William's boots flash by my face, and his rifle drop to earth.

In situations of dire peril, a man's sub-conscious mind must certainly control his physical reactions. For well I know, that no conscious thought could have flashed through my brain in the thousandth part of a second's time it took my fingers to clamp onto Williams

William's disappearing ankles. It all happened so quickly, the only recollections I have of that instant were: The broken silence, William's boots flashing upward--my fingers closing on his ankles--the sensation of being lifted through space by an unseen force--plowing through a shower of soft fir needles--then landing on my belly with a sickening flop, just behind William's limp, motionless form.

The breath had been partly knocked out of me, but with a super effort, I struggled to my knees to meet the un-

continued on page 39

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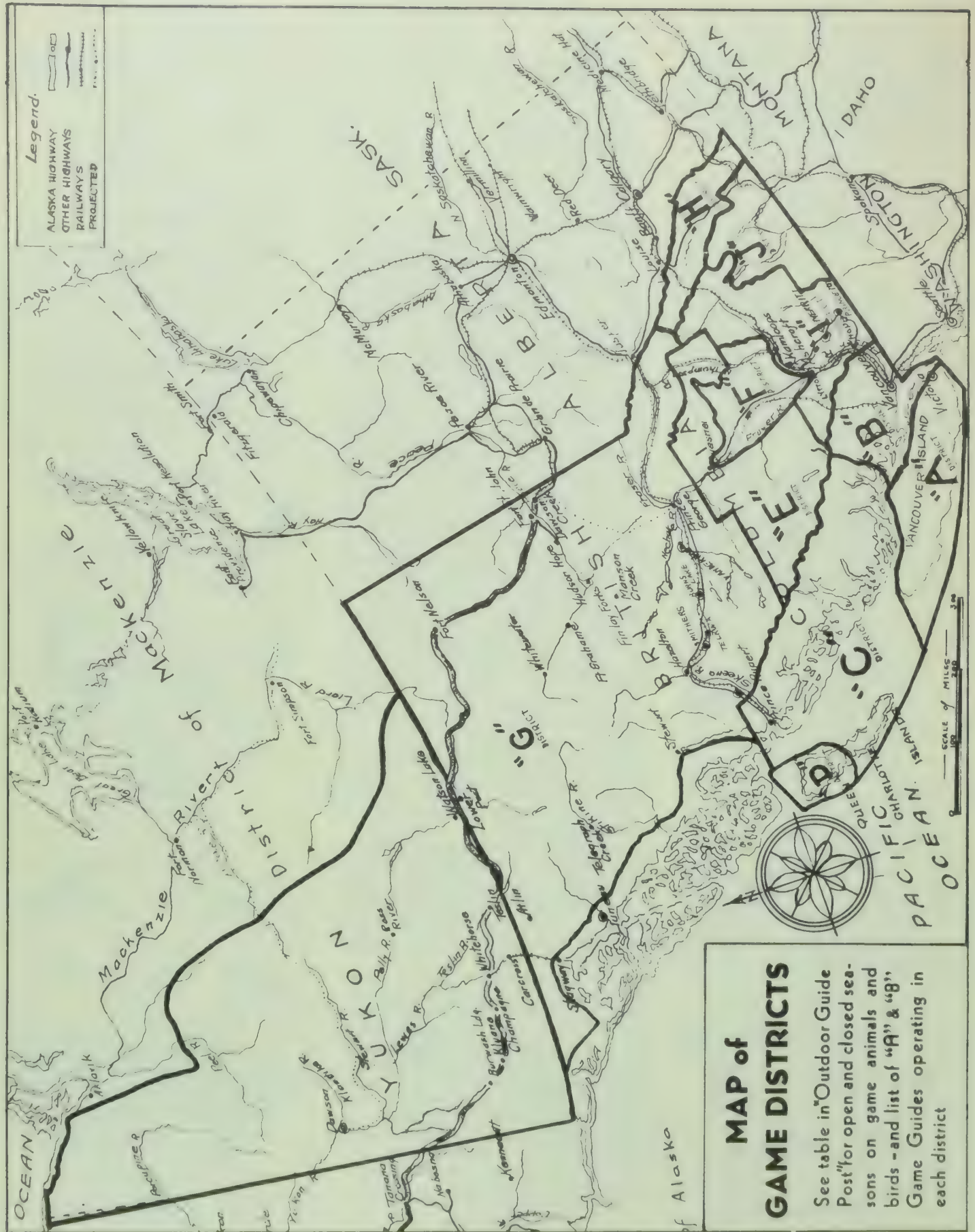


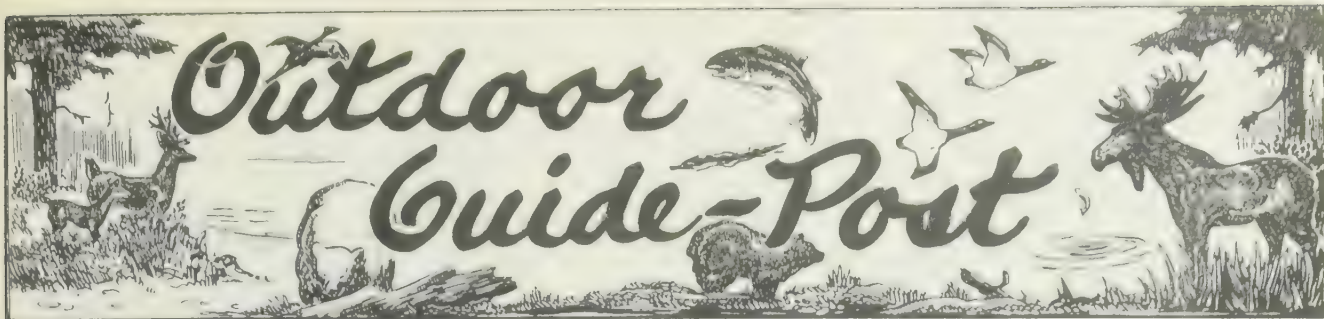
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Outdoor Guide-Post

THE "OUTDOOR GUIDE POST" will appear regularly in the "Digest" from May through to October of each year. The information was compiled through the co-operation of the B. C. Game Department, and is published in answer to the hundreds of letters of inquiries received by us from all parts of North America concerning B. C. Game Regulations.

Space does not permit us to publish the entire text of the B. C. Hunting and Fishing Regulations booklets with their maze of detailed information. On this and following pages sportsmen from any part of the continent will find the essential information which they will need in order to plan a hunting or fishing trip into Northwestern B. C. or the Yukon. Upon arrival at their actual point from where the hunting or fishing is to be done, a booklet may be picked up at the local Game Department office which will give details of local restrictions.

British Columbia

Firearms (Hunting) Licenses

RESIDENT ORDINARY FIREARMS LICENCE - \$3. 00 - Entitles a resident of B. C. to hunt all game birds plus deer and black bear.

RESIDENT GENERAL F. L. - \$6. 00 - Entitles a resident to hunt all game birds plus all big game.

RESIDENT SPECIAL F. L. - \$10. 00 Entitles a resident to hunt all game birds plus all big game and to engage in trapping.

RESIDENT EXTRA GENERAL F. L. - \$12. 00 - Entitles a resident alien to hunt all big game animals and birds

NON-RESIDENT F. L. - \$25.00 - Entitles a non-resident to hunt all game animals and birds except pheasants.

NON-RESIDENT SPECIAL F. L. - \$50. 00 - Entitles a non-resident to the above privilege plus the hunting of pheasants.

Trophy Fees

Trophy fees, as follows, are payable (to the B. C. Game Dept.) by all hunters

Proposed Open and Closed Seasons on Big Game Animals

As supplied by B. C. Game Department
Changes (if any) will appear in future issues.

ANIMAL	OPEN	CLOSE	BAG LIMIT
<u>DISTRICT "A"</u>			
Deer	Sept. 23	Oct. 31	2 bucks
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		
<u>DISTRICT "B"</u>			
Deer	Sept. 23	Nov. 30	2 bucks
Goat	Sept. 9	Nov. 30	1 either sex over 1 yr.
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 9	June 30/51	1
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		
<u>DISTRICT "C"</u>			
Deer	Sept. 9	Nov. 31	2 bucks
Goat	Sept. 9	Nov. 30	1
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 9	June 30/51	1
<u>DISTRICT "D"</u> (Graham Island Only)			
Deer	No close season on either sex over 1 yr. of age		
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		

(see continuation on next page)

who are non-residents.

SOUTH OF THE 56th PARALLEL

On each Moose	\$60. 00
On each Mountain Sheep, Caribou, Wapiti (Elk) or Grizzly	\$50. 00
On each Mule and White-tail deer	\$25. 00
On each Mountain Goat, Coast or Columbian deer	\$15. 00
On each Black or Brown Bear	\$ 5. 00

NORTH OF THE 56th PARALLEL

One each Moose	\$40. 00
One each Mountain Sheep, Caribou	
Caribou, Wapiti (Elk) or Grizzly	\$25. 00
One each Mule and White-tail deer	\$15. 00
One each Mountain Goat, Coast or Columbian deer	\$15. 00
One each Black or Brown Bear	\$ 5. 00

EXPORTING TROPHIES

Any Non-Resident hunter must first, before attempting to export any trophy,

(continued next page)



"Hi, folks - if you're going my way how about a lift?"

- photo by Herb Karolat

B.C. REGULATIONS - Continued
secure a permit for this purpose, which permits are available at any Game Dept., Provincial Police or Government Office.

Tagging Regulations

All hunters, resident and non-resident, are required to "tag" (with tags obtained from any Game Dept. Office) the deer, moose or elk which they shoot.
Moose and Elk tags \$1.00
Deer tags25

see next page

Yukon

Spring Bear Hunting Licence (MAY & JUNE)

Non-resident Canadian licence-

\$25.00

Non-residence alien licence-\$50.00

This licence entitles the holder to hunt and take one grizzly bear, and one black or brown bear, also any number of wolves and coyotes.

Non-resident Big Game Licence
(AUGUST 1st to END of NOVEMBER)

Non-resident Canadian licence-

\$75.00

Non-resident alien licence--\$100.00

This licence entitles the holder to hunt and take one moose, one caribou of each species (Osburn and Barren Ground), one mountain sheep ONLY (either White Dall or Stone Sheep) and one mountain goat. Of the above-mentioned, only male species may be taken. Further, one grizzly bear and one black or brown bear, also any number of wolves and coyotes. All non-resident Big Game hunters must, while hunting, be accompanied by a licenced guide. In respect to export permits covering trophies taken out of the Yukon Territory, no charge is made. No person shall discharge any firearms within a distance of one mile from the centre line of the Alaska Highway and Haines cut-off road.

In respect to fishing, most of the large lakes and streams offer the sportsman excellent fishing both with fly as well as casting and trolling. The following species are the most common sports fish:

Arctic Grayling, Trout, Lake Trout, and Northern Pike.

A non-resident fishing licence cost \$2.00 and can be obtained at any R. C. M. P. Police Detachment throughout the Territory.

AUTHORIZED GAME GUIDES

M.V. Nolan	Whitehorse, Y.T.
Johnnie Johns	"
Alex Van Bibber	Champagne, Y.T.
Alex Davis	"
Ruth Jaquot	Burwash, Y.T.
J.R. Dickson	Kluane, Y.T.
Louis Brown	Mayo, Y.T.

THEM KJAR

Director Yukon Game Dept.

These bird-hunters appear to be very pleased over their bag of geese and ducks - taken in the south Cariboo



Proposed Open and Closed Seasons - CONTINUED

DISTRICT "E"	OPEN	CLOSE	BAG LIMIT
Deer	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	1 buck
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 1	June 30/51	1
Moose	Sept. 23	Nov. 30	1 bull
Goat	Sept. 1	Nov. 30	1
Sheep (West of Fraser)	Sept. 15	Nov. 15	1
DISTRICT "F"			
Deer	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	1 buck
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 1	June 30/51	1
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		
Moose	Oct. 1	Nov. 30	1 bull
Goat	Sept. 1	Nov. 30	1
DISTRICT "G"			
Deer	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	1 buck
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 1	June 30/51	2 North of 57° 1 South of 57°
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit		
Moose	Sept. 1	Dec. 15	1 male sex over 1 yr.
Goat (North of 56°)	Aug. 15	Dec. 15	2
(South of 56°)	Sept. 1	Nov. 30	2 (North of C. N. R.) 1 (South of C. N. R.)
Sheep (North of 56°)	Aug. 15	Nov. 15	1
(South of 56° and North of C. N. R.)	Sept. 1	Nov. 15	1
Caribou (North of C. N. R.)	Sept. 1	Dec. 15	1
DISTRICT "H"			
Deer	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	2 bucks
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 1	June 30/51	1
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		
Moose	Sept. 15	Oct. 31	1 male sex over 1 yr.
Elk	Sept. 15	Oct. 31	1
Sheep	Sept. 1	Sept. 31	1
Goat	Sept. 1	Nov. 31	1
DISTRICT "I"			
Deer	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	1
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 1	June 30/51	1
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		
Goat (Except South Okanagan and Similkameen)	Sept. 1	Nov. 30	1
Elk (East of Okanagan Lake and River)	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	1
DISTRICT "J"			
Deer	Sept. 15	Nov. 30	2
Bear (Grizzly)	Sept. 1	June 30/51	1
Bear (Black)	No close season or bag limit.		
Goat (Except Grand Forks - Greenwood)	Sept. 1	Nov. 30	1
Caribou	Sept. 15	Oct. 31	1

NOTE: BAG LIMIT OF ONE ONLY MOOSE OR ELK.

British Columbia

Non-Residents and Guides

Non-residents of the Province must be accompanied by a Class "A" or "B" game guide, when hunting Big Game. If only hunting game Birds, a Class "C", or "assistant" guide is permissible. See "Guides" for complete list of A and B guides and classification.

Game Guides

DEFINITION OF GUIDE LICENCE CLASSIFICATIONS.

A First Class Guide (A) shall be one who has acted as guide in the Province for a period of at least three years in the ten years immediately preceding his application for a guide's licence and who has suitable equipment for out-fitting any person desiring to hunt game.

A Second Class Guide (B) shall be one who has acted as a guide in the Province for a period of at least three years in the ten years immediately preceding his application for a guide's licence, but who cannot qualify as a First Class Guide,

An Assistant Guide. . . shall be one who cannot qualify as a First or Second Guide, but is entitled to act as guide in the hunting of game birds or angling.

In the following list "A" designates a First Class Guide, "B" a Second Class Guide. To have included the

Assistant or Class "C" Guides, and to have covered the whole of the Province, we would have to devote the entire issue to this section, since the list runs to many thousands names. Rather than that, we have listed only the A and B Guides operating between the Hope-Princeton Highway on the south through to the Cariboo, Central B. C. and the north country through to the Yukon border. To insure being accommodated, make your reservations early. Elsewhere on these pages will be found a summary of the Yukon Game Regulations as provided by Them Kjar, Director of the Yukon Game Department.

OPENING and CLOSING DATES on

BIG GAME and BIRDS

Information on the above is not yet available but will appear in the following issues of the "Digest" immediately following release of the information by the B. C. Game Department.

Fishing Licenses

RESIDENT Anglers Licence .. \$1.00
RESIDENT (under 18)..... \$0.00
NON-RESIDENT (CANADIAN). \$3.00
NON-RESIDENT (under 16)... \$1.00
ALIEN.....\$7.00
Both resident and non-residents of the province MUST have in their possession licences as outlined in the above schedule, when transporting tackle in a private vehicle, or when fishing.

General Fishing Regulations

BAG LIMITS (Daily) (Tidal Waters)

Salmon.....	5
Grilse (salmon under 13 lbs.).....	10
Salmon and Grilse combined.....	10
Trout (all kinds).....	15

(Non-Tidal Waters)

Salmon or Steelhead (over 5 lbs) ...	3
(Lower Mainland)	2
Steelhead, limit for 1 yr.	40
Grilse	12
Trout (all kinds)	25 lbs
plus 1 additional fish	

No person shall have in his possession more trout than a days bag-limit. Canning or bottling of trout is prohibited anywhere in the province except in the residence of the angler or hunter as shown on his licence.

The sale of trout caught south of the 52nd parallel is prohibited.

Except when fly fishing, not more than one hook may be used on any one line, and except when trolling with one person in a boat (where 2 lines are permitted) not more than one line may be used, per person.

Further information in regard to restricted lakes and streams in any given area can be obtained from the District Game Warden upon arrival at your destination.



Vanquished and victor - noted Yukon guide, Johnnie Johns



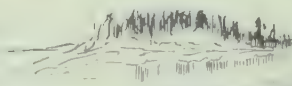
Cow moose swimming the Big Eutsuk at dawn.

-photo B. McNeill



Mr. P. Luce celebrates having caught his limit of char at Uncha Lake in 20 minutes flat.

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about 2-1/2 inches.

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THE DEVIL'S HOLLOW

continued from page 33

known horror, that had gotten us into its grip at last! I was still dazed and my eyes blinked in utter bewilderment as they took in the fantastic phenomenon that we had been so suddenly hoisted into. . . The strangest a human eye has looked upon, since Jack climbed the fabled 'bean stalk.'

If what we had seen of the forest below appeared wierd and unbelievable, then this was a thousand times more so. The dense ceiling of branches we had observed from the ground was a great plain or floor, up here, from which those massive tree trunks rose upward of two hundred feet or more. Several centuries of shed needles had evidently collected on that strangely elevated plateau. That soil had also formed, was evidenced by a growth of young fir and spruce that rose here and there--the beginning of a new forest. The whole of this fantastic landscape and its significance

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to the mystery of the valley raced across my half-numbed brain, in the same lightening space of time that a high-speed shutter throws a reflected image on camera film. Then I became aware of--"It."

By physical confirmation you would instantly classify it as a mountain lion. What its original color had been was impossible to tell, for it was white and hoary with extreme age. . . But the size of the beast! It was a huge as a Bengal tiger.

It had been to my left and slightly behind me when I had gotten to my knees, and for a fraction of a second I hadn't noticed it. As I faced it now in defenseless impotence, the monster crouched and twitched, yet seemed hesitant in dealing its knock-out blow.

With both rifles lying on the ground twenty feet below, and those baleful yellow eyes not three paces from me I was not unlike a mouse against a wall facing the household cat. But even a cornered mouse goes down fighting and instinctively my hand streaked to my belt knife. It was at that instant, and that instant only, when my fingers gripped that angular butt, instead of my knife handle, I remembered I had buckled on the Colt automatic pistol that morning.

Like most western Canadians, I was essentially a rifleman, and had practically no previous experience with hand guns. Seldom in my hunting experience had there been an occasion that justified carrying one. Undoubtedly my inner consciousness could associate only a rifle as a major means of self-defense. However, if my brain lagged in grasping the significance of that weapon, my involuntary reaction didn't. Before a thought of shooting could register on my mind, I was aware of my hand cutting forward in an upturning arc--then came the flash and bang of that pistol. Then the click of the hammer falling on an empty chamber. Without the least doubt, every shot had struck home. Hair and blood flew from its neck and head.

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Blood spurted from half a dozen places in its throat and open mouth.

With a coughing roar, and a scream like a murder-crazed lunatic, it reared straight up, and for one awful moment, it towered over me--poised, before crashing down like a flail of doom--then.....

Merciful God! It went over backward!

For a bare fraction of a second, it lay as in death, then suddenly springing to its feet was lost to sight in a dozen mighty bounds.

From the instant we had been whisked up from the valley floor, till that fantastic creature disappeared, was all in less time than one could count to ten. It had all happened so quickly there was little opportunity to ponder the method that had landed us in this unique position. Yet even as the beast rose in its first wild leap, the explanation came to light, as well as the entire mystery that had shrouded this evil place so long: With unbelieving eyes, I saw that freak animal's tail was well over twenty feet in length!

Thick and muscular at the base, the tail in its slithering, serpentine length, tapered to the slimness of a pack-rope, turning in a loop at the tip--a perfect replica of a hangman's noose.

It was plain to see now, that wierd incredible monster, which was either a freak mountain lion, or the last of some now extinct species, had either in some unknown way pruned the trees to create this mystifying elevated forest, or finding it already in that condition, chose it as a secret lair. From which it could so conveniently attack its unsuspecting victims with the most unique of all secret weapons--that monkey-like prehensile appendage. It was obvious, how that silent noose could shoot down from out of the darkness overhead, wrap its victim's neck in its sinewy coil and with a lightning heave, land man or beast, on the branchy floor above. Undoubtedly the

neck would be broken instantly, and any possible outcry choked into silence. That in all cases its prey reached its hidden lair, either dead or at least unconscious, was evident by the monster's utter surprise when it saw me struggle to get up.

Trying not to think of what I might discover, I sprang to William's side. He was unconscious, but at a glance I could see he was still alive. The fur cap, he had on that day, was cut on a generous pattern with long peak and deep ear coverings. These he had worn turned straight up, and as the lethal noose had dropped out of the darkness it had knocked the peak and ear laps down, covering his face and neck like a death's hood. Possibly this saved him from a broken neck, but was now suffocating him. Instantly I snatched it off, and opened his shirt front, to give him air. His breath was coming in feeble, rasping coughs, but the heart beat and pulse was still steady.

Gently and experimentally, I moved his head from side to side, and to my great joy, discovered that his neck though badly bruised, was evidently not broken.

Though almost certain the monster was mortally wounded, if not dead, I knew William must be gotten down

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from our elevated position and into camp as quickly as possible. But just how it was to be done, was something still to be figured out.

Using William's hunting knife, I was able to clear away a man-sized hole in the soft fir branches we had been hauled through a few minutes previously, and by lowering myself a little, was able to get a good look at the possibilities of getting down. Directly below the mighty green branch that formed part of the forest ceiling, were a number of dead limbs that appeared quite solid. The lowest one being about twelve feet above the ground. Not having a rope, there was but one thing to do.

Wrapping William's neck carefully to protect it from the sudden jar, I took him in my arms, lowered myself to the last branch down, then slid off into the twilight below. I landed on my both feet, and as expected, the soft earth cushioned the fall and apart from dropping to my knees, landed without mishap. I rested for a few minutes, retrieved my own rifle, got William on my back in a sort of 'fireman's hold' and was into camp with him in less than two hours.

He was still unconscious as I layed him in his sleeping bag, so I started a roaring fire to heat rocks and water. Took his heavy boots off, wrapped the heated rocks in a shirt and placed them at his feet, then gave him fifteen minutes of the little I knew of resuscitation. Eventually his eyes opened, and he struggled to a sitting position, and shortly was able to sip a bit of brandy and water. An attempt at speech however, resulted in a barely audible whisper. But apart from his injured throat, he was resting comfortably. After giving him an account of what had happened, I made him as snug as possible and then we both settled down for the night.

The following morning found William much improved, though the injury to his larynx appeared to necessitate immediate medical care. Making up a couple of packs of the bare essentials for the long hike back to civilization, we broke camp that day.

At our last camp on the way out, I happened to ask William how he thought he would enjoy being able at last, to 'break' a real story of a fabled legend. His answer came as a surprise.

"So far as I am concerned," he replied--he still couldn't raise his voice above a whisper, "it can remain our own personal property. It very nearly cost us our lives to find out what lay behind the mystery of the Devil's Hollow. But I'm afraid I'll never have the audacity to expect anyone who had not been there with us, to believe such a story."

And so till William's last days, the story rested on that.

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A "Digest" Photo

working when the whole town, including 'Doc' Baker was down with the 'flu.

And then there is--but I'd better stop. It'll take a week to tell all about the old-timers. Anyhow, none of them care much about the past, all they're interested in is the future.

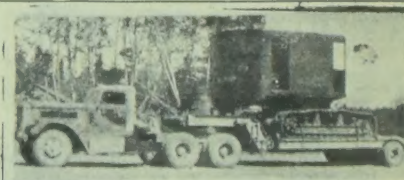
This attitude pretty generally sums up the town. While everyone realizes that Quesnel has had an exciting past, they also feel that it will have an exciting future.

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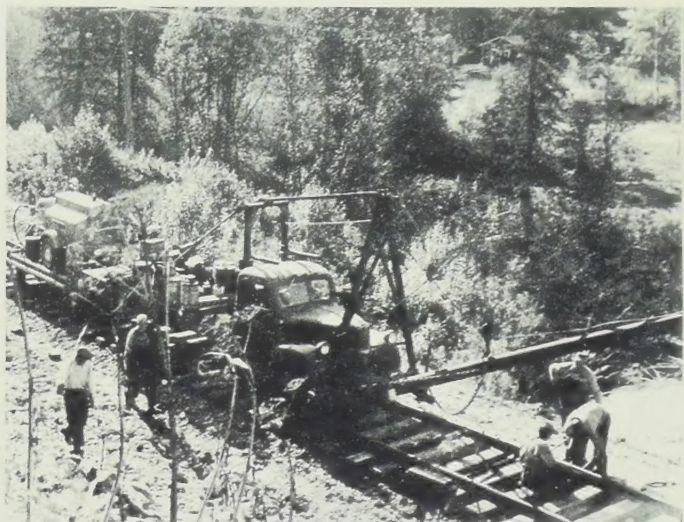
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photo by J. N. Martindale



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